THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SEPARATION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The holy stars in calm, pale beauty shine,
The river's rippling waves give back their light;
And I, no more with soul attuned to thine,
Come forth to gaze upon this glorious night.

Come forth as we were wont?—ah, no—for thou,
Thou art not what I dreamed in days of yore;
The nobleness has vanished from thy brow,
And fled the early truth thy dark eyes wore.

I come to-night to say farewell to thee—
My dream is o'er; and scattered all love's flowers;
Thy voice and smile shall wake no melody
Within my spirit through life's future hours.

Thou art unworthy! oh, the *thought* is pain,
For I had deemed thee noble, good and true;
To win me back thy tears and prayers are vain,
The last, last pang is in the word adieu.

Then go!—the world is wide, and I'll forget
Life's early dream, so rosy and so bright;
The joy that made my path so radiant seem,
Then faded in the dreary hues of night.

Go! go!—unmingled with regret the word
That breaks the olden tie around us thrown;
My pulse-beat will no more by thee be stirred,
And cheerily I'll journey on alone.

Regrets? ah, yes, for *thee*. I gaze once more
Upon the sullied image of my love,
And sorrow—for to me naught can restore
That trust I likened unto Heaven above.

Departed, aye, forever, ever dimmed
My faith in thee, our life-paths cannot meet,
For truth must be the beacon light of him
Who guideth down life's way my roving feet.

Here, take my parting hand, I'll pray for thee,
That God will bless thee on thy future way,
That to new life arisen we'll meet above,
Where friendship, hope and trust fade not away.

Pittsford, Vt. O. E. P.

COMING HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM," "ONLY," &c.

Having settled her domestic affairs, Alice returned to the drawing-room, and asked Laura if she would wish to go out.

"Well, dear, I think it would be a good thing to do, for it is so cold; the draught from under the door is dreadful; my blood is perfectly congealed. There, see now, it blows up the carpet."

Alice had never noticed that before, but it did do so, certainly, and the room did feel cold and damp.

"We will take a walk, a nice, long, quick one, and that will warm us. I have no amusement to offer you, dear Laura; but you know you are self-invited." I should never have dreamed of asking you to such a place."

"My dear girl, I'm very happy; I like the change. I should not like it always, I own; but for a change, it's fun."

"They tell me the walks about are lovely, but I have not had much time to go and explore them yet. The clergyman here has no wife or sister, and therefore I have been busier among the poor than I should have been otherwise; and some of Ralph's patients are so sadly poor and destitute."

"And so you do the Lady Bountiful, eh? Well, each to his taste! I could never see the pleasure of going into dirty cottages, and interfering with what certainly does not concern us. It is far better to put one's money down as a subscription to some of England's noble charities, which are really doing good, than waste one's own time and that of the poor we go to visit; but, however, that's only an individual opinion. Let us go for our walk; but no visiting to-day, mind," she said, laughing.

"No, certainly, if you do not like it. I should like to have taken you to see old Abel Plumptree, our gardener, he is such a character; and I have promised ever since I have been here to call, and have not had time."

"Oh, well, I don't mind just going to one person like that; but to be flying out of one little stuffy, dirty cottage into another, without, as it appears to me, any definite purpose whatever, I cannot like, or enter into; but if you have anything amusing to show, pray, by all means, let us go."

And so as soon as they were equipped, they started, and at the end of a small grassy lane, discovered Abel's cottage. There was so little just then to do in the garden, that he only came now for half a day; so they found him at home.

He was seated in his easy-chair, a present last Christmas from Ralph, as he told them, sorting and writing on some packets of seeds. The large chimney, with its Dutch tiles, and wood fire burning on the hearth; the high mantel-piece above it, bronzed with the smoke; the old twisted-legged table against the wall, on which lay a large Bible and prayer book; the old-fashioned corner cupboard filled with china, which a curiosity dealer would have jumped to buy; the curling plants on a small round table in the window; and the beautiful collection of grasses, which, in two very old glasses, stood on the shelf, waving with the slightest stir in the room—formed excellent accompaniments to the picture which the venerable old man would have made. A glad smile brightened his face as his visitors entered.

"I am so pleased to see you, ma'am," he said; "I have long been looking for this pleasure. Will you take chairs, ladies?"

"We are bound for a long walk to warm us, Abel; but we will sit down a *few* minutes; we want to see your Shakspeare garden."

"I shall be proud to show it you, I'm sure. Do you know, ma'am," he said, turning to Laura, "I'm so fond of flowers, that they seem always in my thoughts, like, and any one I see I compare to some flower?"

"Indeed; have you fixed on one for me?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, that's all settled," he answered, smiling.

"Well, let me know, what am I?"

"Why, then it is—I can't tell you the name, but I have it in my mind; it's a hot-house plant; it rears its head above everything else, and looks as though it meant to order, not obey."

"Well, Alice," said Laura, laughing, "would you know the picture?"

"I think I should; but let us see your collection, please, Abel, for we must be going," said Alice, as though to stop further conversation.

So the old man rose, and opening a cupboard in the wall, took from it a book, in which, beautifully dried, were specimens of rue, rosemary, pansies, nettles, columbine, roses, lilies, primroses, violets, fennel, cowslips, oxslips, thyme, eglantine, and woodbine, with the name of the play under each, in which they were mentioned. It was most neatly done, and of course they delighted the old man with their approbation; and Alice told him, if he would take the trouble to do a smaller book for her, she should like to buy it of him.

"No, no, I'll do it and welcome; but buy it after all your husband's goodness to me? I should think not. It's payment enough to me that you like it; and it will amuse me to do it for you, if I live to see the bright beauties glow again; but every autumn, when I see them die, I wish them good-by, for I feel I may not live to see them any more. But I think (and I hope it is not wrong to think so) that they'll be there!" he continued, reverently pointing upwards. "They are so very beautiful: and as they look so to us now, how will they look with the light of heaven on them! Many a time, when things have gone wrong with me, and I have felt cross and put out, I have gone and looked at my flowers; and *they've soon driven away the black dog. They* seem always to cheer me somehow, and they all talk to me; the daisy says, 'Here I am a little humble flower, seldom noticed, often trampled under foot even; but I bloom on cheerily, and never strive to be anything but what I am.' Then the violet teaches me that our good deeds will all be found out and repaid, however humble and hidden from the world we may be, like as the sweet scent of the little flower guides us to its hiding place among the leaves. The tall, white lily is to me like truth: and when I look at its beautiful pure leaves, and think how a mere speck would spoil them, it warns me how a little sin will stain the soul. But, dear heart, ladies, how I do run on! you must excuse me, it is so long since I've seen any company, that I get too free, I fear."

"Not at all," answered Laura, for somehow Alice could not speak; "we are pleased to hear you talk, only we must not forget our walk. Shall we start, Alice?"

Alice nodded assent, and shaking warmly the old man's hand, the cousins left the cottage. He walked to the door and looked after them, and shaking his head, murmured, "The snowdrop droops a little; surely the frost has never touched it yet!"

After they had walked some little distance in silence, Laura said,

"I like your old man very much, Alice; but I suppose he is very much above the average of your poor neighbors?"

"Oh, yes, very much; he seems curiously self-taught, and more naturally refined than any of the class I have ever met with."

"Yes, I think it's very well your going to see him occasionally, but I really would advise your giving up the habit of going to the poor regularly. I think it's very absurd of Ralph to urge it: and you really must not begin by doing every single thing your husband wishes. It's absurd; you'll become a perfect slave, I can assure you. I mean, on principle, to oppose everything my husband requests me to do at first, and then afterwards everything I do will appear a favor, and he will value it. You are a great deal too meek; now, the very idea of your allowing him to sit down to dinner in his muddy boots! I should have said, 'You or I don't dine!' You're tame, my dear child, tame; you will become a perfect nonentity, and your husband himself will learn to think so, and treat you like the chairs and tables; and now we are on the matrimonial topic, tell me how it is you dress so dowdily—is that his wish?"

"Not at all, Laura; I dress in accordance, I think, with my station and position. Dear papa could not afford a very large sum for my *trousseau*, nor did I wish it."

"But you see, my dear, Ralph evidently likes dress, and takes notice of it, by the way he remarked mine, and all such little attraction help to rivet the chain."

"I did not think my things were any of them ugly, Laura, or very much out of date. I have only been married two months, and they were made from a fashion-book then."

"Exactly; but that was the mistake, my dear. I shall have scarcely anything made; I shall buy the material, and have it made up as I want it, according to the fashion."

"But, my dear Laura, do you mean that the fashion of our things wants changing every month? I expect my clothes to last me a twelve-month, so that Ralph may be neither bothered with dressmakers' or drapers' bills."

"Another mistake, love; he will then be horrified when he does get them, and exclaim at the hardship of having to pay them, simply because you have not accustomed him to it from the beginning. Depend on it, Edward will know what a milliner's bill is before we've been married a twelvemonth. Why, the men make the most absurd fuss about us, and vow they shall die if we won't marry them; let them pay for us then. If we're worth having we're worth paying for, and the more we go without the more we may. My advice is, keep your husband's house well, give him always a well-cooked, well-served dinner, and a well-dressed wife at the head of his table; and if you think his means won't afford this, don't marry him; he'll never thank you for saving his money at the risk of his feeling ashamed of you or his table."

"I hope there is no fear of that, Laura. We do not profess to live as you do. I should scarcely be doing my duty to my husband, I think, if I kept such a table as you keep at home."

"No, no, dear, of course not; there is no necessity for that. Still there is a way, if you make a study of it, of having very elegant little dinners, at very small expense."

"But Ralph is a regular John Bull, and likes good roast joints, and not those kind of things which he would call 'kickshaws.'"

"Oh, but I should make him like it. It is easy enough to make him, or any man, do what you like."

"I did not so read the marriage service, dear Laura. However, I have no doubt your husband will be a model one, and your household likewise; but I don't suppose we are likely to agree on the management of husbands any more than on that of children, if we had any to discuss about; so let us defer our next argument till we have," said Alice, trying to speak playfully; but her heart was very full, and she felt more inclined to cry than laugh, and she said but little else during their walk home. Yet Laura did not seem to perceive that anything was amiss, and rattled on about London and its gayeties, leaving Alice but little occasion to speak. When they reached home, Laura, *after taking off her things, brought drown her desk to write some letters. Alice* wished to work; she had some flannel work on hand for the poor, but she feared to bring it out lest she should excite Laura's ridicule, and so she read a little while Laura wrote; but she found it so difficult to keep her attention, that she threw the book aside, and tried some fancy work; but then the thought of the disappointment of the little children to whom she had promised the petticoats, worried her so, that she put that away also, and determined to take up the flannel, and not care what Laura said.

"My dear child," said Laura, looking up from her writing, "is that 'Dorcas work?'"

"You may call it so if you will; it is for some poor children, who have no mother, that I am making these."

"You had much better be making your husband a pair of slippers, to coax him not to come into your drawing-room in dirty boots."

"That's a matter of opinion, like everything else, my dear Laura."

"Oh, yes, distinctly."

And then there was silence again, and Laura continued her writing and Alice her work.

At one they lunched, and the vicar, who called at the time, lunched with them, and so the day went by till four o'clock, when Ralph came home. He had some letters to write, he said, and not many patients to see; therefore he had come home early. He went into his little study to write, where he remained till past five, and then, to Alice's astonishment, came up stairs to dress for dinner.

"Dear Ralph dressing," she said; "whom is that to please, eh?"

"Laura Harcourt, my dear."

The smile which had lighted Alice's face faded suddenly, and she continued her own toilet in silence. At dinner Ralph was particularly courteous and attentive to Laura, and for the first time complained of the dinner—thought Ruth was past her work, or she would never send in such huge joints and such heaps of vegetables.

"Ruth said you liked it," Alice answered, vexed beyond measure at his finding fault before Laura, to whom she had declared the dinner was to his liking.

"The old woman is in her dotage, I think. I never found fault with her when I was by myself; it was too much trouble; but I married a wife on purpose that she might."

Alice did not see the mirthful, mischievous glance with which this was said; and Laura's words—that he would soon consider her a nonentity, no better than the chairs and tables—rushed into her mind, and she made no answer, except with a heavy sigh she could not control. Ralph stayed but a short time after the ladies left the dining-room, and when he joined them, asked his wife to sing; but all the discomfort which had been growing and festering in her heart for the last day or two, was no aid to singing, and though she at once complied with his request, it was a failure. He said merely, as she rose from the piano—"You're out of voice, love," and then asked Laura to sing. She was an accomplished musician, and therefore Ralph, passionately fond of music, and a good judge, was delighted; he stood beside her, turning the leaves, and begging for song after song, while poor little Alice sat unnoticed, stitching at the flannel, scarcely able to see for the large tears which kept welling up in her eyes.

At length, unable to bear it any longer, she went to her own room, and flinging herself on her bed, burst into a passionate fit of weeping. And then she remembered the gentle voice which had said so kindly she should be glad to see her and to serve her, and she wished she could lay her head on the dear old lady's bosom, and tell her all her grief; but Mrs. Stanley, she knew, was away,—she had been sent for to a dying sister,—and so there was no one she could speak to, no one she could ask to comfort her, no one who would understand her.

Ay, truly, such "little cares" as these are very hard to bear—harder from the fact that they cannot be understood by others, that they are essentially a burden we must bear unassisted, for it is impossible to explain or express them; even to herself Alice could scarcely give a name to her grief. What was the matter? Simply, that her cousin Laura had found fault with her house, and that her husband had dressed for dinner to please Laura, positively in compliance with her own request, and that he had been naturally very much pleased with his guest's excellent singing. What was there in all this to cause those bitter tears? Who could possibly understand that she had cause for sorrow?

Alice,—but One.

Commit thy trifles to God, for to Him is nothing trivial. He alone knows the bitterness of the heart; and blessed is the thought, that in these petty and trying cares He sympathizes with and sends us comfort, if we will only "cast *all* our care on Him, for He careth for us." Our earthly friends can sorrow with us in our great trials, in the loss of friends and fortune, in sickness, and such like troubles; but in those little cares to which we ourselves can give no name, there is only our Heavenly Friend who can soothe and calm us.

Alice loved her husband dearly; her life's aim was to make him a good wife, to make his home happy, to do her duty in the station of life to which she had been called; and till Laura came she felt she was succeeding, but since everything seemed wrong. And now she felt Ralph was beginning to think so also, and to compare the cousins to her disadvantage; it was a grief for so young a wife, and bitterly she felt it.

She cried till her head ached so she could scarcely lift it from the pillow; and so, ringing for Maria, she begged her to tell her master that she had gone to bed with a bad headache, and she wished Miss Harcourt good-night. The consequence was that Ralph came up at once.

"Why, old lady, what has given you the headache?" he asked.

"I don't know," was the answer—that white lie so often spoken.

"I'll make you a lotion and bathe your head for you, and it will soon be better; don't cry about it."

Alice made no answer to this, for she felt rather indignant at his thinking she was crying at a headache; and though she had struggled to conceal her tears, that he might not be alarmed, was vexed that, having discerned them, he did not express concern, but merely set them down to the pain of her head.

He made the lotion, and very tenderly bathed her burning head and eyes, which was certainly very pleasant and soothing.

"I shall not go down again," he said; "I have wished Miss Harcourt good-night; she really is not half so bad, and I like her a great deal better than I did; and she sings gloriously! However, I must not talk to you to-night; I should advise your going regularly to bed, and getting to sleep as quickly as possible."

"Yes, I think it would be the best thing; my head is cooler now, and I can bathe it myself if you put the lotion near me. I can't talk; so good-night, dear."

"Good-night, love; I hope your head will be better to-morrow; I shall be very quiet."

And he was very quiet, she could not but admit; no one could call him rough now; she could scarcely hear the slightest movement in the room. It was long ere she fell asleep, but when she did sleep she woke no more till morning, and found then that with the night the heaviness had passed away. Perhaps she had been very silly and foolishly tenacious; she would rise with fresh resolutions, and determine to be cheerful and hopeful as ever.—So she came down to breakfast with a bright face, and the trio were very merry; it was the pleasantest meal they had had since Laura had been with them. Ralph immediately after breakfast said he must go out to see his patients, but said he would be back by luncheon, to drive them to an old ruin, which he said was the only "lion" thereabouts, and it therefore must be shown to their guest.

"And one day we must drive Laura to see mamma and papa, Ralph, or they will be offended," said Alice.

"It is almost too far for a drive this winter time, dear."

"Is it? Why, how did you manage, when papa was ill, to get backwards and forwards?"

"Why, my dear girl, I lived ten miles nearer; I lodged then at old Mrs. Chapman's."

"Oh, so you did; I had forgotten; and, besides, we shall see them all at the Limes on papa's birthday. They had asked us, and I suppose Laura will be included," said Alice, smiling.

"Well, dear, I imagine my aunt and uncle will not dislike seeing me, considering, too, I am going to be married and got out of their way for years."

"Yes, that is to be considered, certainly," answered Ralph, laughing; "but I must be off; so good by, ladies, for the present."

As soon as he was gone, Laura and Alice sat down to their work, Alice to her flannel, and Laura to some embroidery for her wedding clothes. They worked in silence for some time, and then Laura said, laughingly—

"You little Dorcas, how you do stitch away!"

"Yes, I'm very industrious—am I not?"

"It's not decidedly drawing-room work, I think—is it? I should do such a thing, if I did it at all, in my room."

"It's too cold there."

"Why not have the fire lighted?"

"Because coals are dear, Laura."

"Well, Alice, I don't understand you at all. How you could have married a man to pass your life in such petty considerations I can't think. I am a great upholder for the distinctions of rank. A doctor's wife is, or should be, a lady; she is in that position, and should act accordingly."

"I do not know that not having a fire in one's bed room is unladylike, Laura—is it?" said Alice, attempting a laugh.

"No, nonsense, child; it is not to that one particular I am alluding; it is your manner of life. You seem to me plodding on here, like the wife of a common laborer, sewing away at plain work, giving up your accomplishments, and, in short, sinking, as I told you, into a nonentity."

"But, my dear Laura, I'm very happy, and so is Ralph."

"Yes, my dear, just at first; but you will find, after a while, that Ralph will be seeking amusement and change away from home; that a wife always making flannel petticoats will not be an entertaining companion. Now, last night you scarcely spoke."

"You did not give me a chance," interrupted Alice, hastily; "you were singing, and Ralph listening."

"Well, you could have sung, and Ralph would have listened to you. But you sang one song worse than I'd ever heard you sing, and then buried yourself in yards of flannel. Ralph wants bringing out, and he would not be at all amiss. But if you silently sew and stitch all the evening, he will snore, and then, tired of that, go out and leave you to stitch alone."

Alice was tempted to say, "We were very happy till you came," but she put it back, for she thought Laura meant it all kindly, and that it was scarcely worth while to be pettish about it; so she only said—

"Let me hear then, now, how you would purpose that I should go on."

"Well, I should, after ordering the dinner, which I consider is very important, and, as I told you before, should be made a study,—I should practise, as keeping up your accomplishments is also important; and then make calls in the neighborhood, if fine, and take a walk, for your complexion is so dependent on your health, that exercise is another duty; this would occupy you till luncheon. *After* luncheon, letter writing, receiving visitors, and fancy work, on some piece of which you should always be employed, would fill the time till dressing. Then the toilet should be well studied, and you should be in the drawing-room, well lighted and with a bright fire, ready to receive your husband on his return. The elegance of your appearance would stimulate him to dress also, and the elegance of your dinner would make him in such a charming temper that you could do any thing with him. Depend on it, my dear, men are very easy to *catch*, but very hard to *keep*."

"And you consider that a recipe for keeping them—do you, Laura?"

"Yes; I think they want to find their wives as attractive after as before marriage; but if, on the contrary, they find the beings they have worshipped as divinities, sink down into mere mortals, who are always at that *most* mortal occupation—making flannel petticoats, the charm is destroyed, the illusion gone, and the wife takes a place in her husband's estimation but one step removed from his cook and housekeeper. But I own that you have placed yourself in a position, by marrying a poor man, which makes it more difficult to follow my advice; this stuffy little house, your bad servants, all are annoyances which I could not support, and wonder you can. I would never rest, if I were you, until my husband had placed me in a more fitting home. It seems to me quite an insult to my poor uncle, Ralph having proposed to you, with nothing better to offer you; just as though my uncle's fortunes were so fallen, that he would be glad to marry his daughter to any one. Now, Georgina and Marian have done very well; their husbands keep them carriages, and they live as girls should who were brought up at the grand old place."

"Well, dear Laura, you will admit that the matter is not now remediable; it is, therefore, waste of time discussing it. I have chosen to marry a poor man, and the straightforward course of duty, as I see it, is to make his income go as far as it can, and not wilfully expend it in an attempt to arrive at an elegance inconsistent with our position."

"That is exactly where we differ; I do not consider it would be inconsistent, and if you begin by doing without, you will have always to do so. Ralph was wrong in bringing you to this, I will always maintain."

"I do not think so. I knew his circumstances, and if my love would not enable me to put up with the slight inconvenience of small rooms, what would it be worth?"

"My dear Alice, that is romantic, and romance and reality never agree. It is all very pretty in theory to give up all one's comforts and elegances, but most unpleasant in practice."

"You are not going to attempt it, Laura, luckily for you; so let us change the subject, and talk of something on which we are more likely to agree."

She tried to dismiss further conversation on this unpleasant subject, but in her thoughts it lingered. Oh, well need we pray for a bridle on our tongue, for what a world of mischief lies in this little member!

The day for their visit to the Limes arrived; it was a fresh, bright morning, a hoar frost sparkling on the branches of the trees, but beginning rapidly to thaw in the bright sunshine, which was each day gaining more power.—Pleasant symptoms of the coming spring showed themselves—the little birds were warbling in some of the trees and in the shelter of the woods, through part of which their road lay; a few primroses were even venturing to show themselves. They had agreed to stay all night, as it was so far, and so old Abel was to come and sleep at the house, by the servants' especial request, as a safeguard; which greatly amused Ralph, for he said the united strength of Ruth and Maria was much greater than poor old Abel's.

On such a morning Ralph and his wife and their guest started. Abel arrived just as they were leaving.

"Good-day, sir," he said, lifting his cap; "fine morning."

"Beautiful morning, Abel, fresh and healthy. Mind you're very valiant, and take *every* care of the house and the servants," said Ralph, jumping into the carriage, after carefully putting in the ladies.

"I'll try, sir, I'll try," said the old man, laughing. "I wish you and the ladies a pleasant journey. Oh, dear, oh, dear," he continued, to himself, as they drove off, "my poor little snowdrop looks quite nipped up. I reckon there's some poisonous weed springing up in that garden; a pity, too, when it seemed so well laid out."

Abel was right; there *was* a poisonous weed springing up, which, if not soon rooted out, would destroy all the fair flowers of love, hope and trust, which had begun to bloom so well.

Discontent, with all the tribe of gloomy spirits, had filled Alice's mind; all that she had once thought brave and manly in her husband now seemed coarse and rough; all that she had once thought loving and devoted, selfish and exacting. The house, which had seemed like a pretty toy, distorted by these evil spirits, was close, ugly and inconvenient. The quaintness of her servants, which at first amused, now irritated her; and, in short, not one bright gleam of happiness mingled with the darkness which seemed to have gathered round her.

During the drive Ralph and Laura talked on merrily, but Alice was very silent; and as they drove up the grand old avenue, beneath the fine trees of which she had played as a child, the tears welled up into her eyes, almost blinding her, as she wished—oh, how earnestly!—that she was again that happy, careless little being, with no sorrow heavier than the breaking of a toy.

They were a large party. The married sisters, their children and husbands, were all gathered together, and so the conversation was very general, and Alice was cheered by the gayety of all around; but even in its faded grandeur how beautiful the house looked!—How could she ever have left it for that miserable little cottage! But Ralph had told her how picturesque it was, what a bright little home it would be. He had deceived her grossly; it was cruel and unfair to take a girl from such a home to his. Such thoughts as these kept crowding in her mind, and clouding her face, till it attracted her mother, who, after dinner, called her aside, and earnestly begged her to say what was wrong; but Alice felt it was impossible to tell her. She could not say that she was disappointed in her new home, for Mrs. Merton would have reminded her how she had pointed out that it would be far different to the one she was leaving, and her answer had been, "Mother, I love him!" And why was that no longer efficacious? Did she not love him still? She knew she could not answer this inquiry—could not bear that her mother or any one should question her on what was so inexplicable even to herself. Mrs. Merton was a kind, good creature, but she was one of those persons in whom no one would dream of confiding, or seeking advice or consolation from; her children felt this strongly, and "it's no use telling poor dear mamma," had always been agreed among them; and now, in such a case as this, where a general sense of discomfort and depression was all she could complain of, Alice knew it was useless to tell her mother; so merely saying she felt rather a headache from her journey, and that she should be quite well after a night's rest, she managed to divert her mother from further inquiries. The best bed-room was prepared for them, with the dressing-room adjoining; both were panelled with carved oak, black with age, and the curtains and window drapery were of tapestry; blazing fires were in each room, and in silver sconces affixed to the ebony looking glass, large wax candles were burning; it was certainly a contrast to her own home, and she felt it so, and a very heavy sigh at last attracted Ralph's attention.

"What's the matter, Alice? You've been very gloomy all day, and now you're 'sighing like a furnace.' What is it?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, nonsense! there is something wrong: you are not a bit like yourself, nor have you been these two or three days. Laura asked me yesterday what ailed you. It's apparent to every one, and they'll begin, at last, to think I ill use you. I'm sure we're very jolly here, surrounded by your own people, and in such famous quarters, with everything so comfortable; you ought to be as merry as a bird."

"We are not going to be always here," said Alice, in a low voice.

"Why, no, certainly not; we have, thank God, a home of our own, with no occasion to be beholden to any man for one."

She struggled with herself before she answered, and tried to frame another sentence, to wrestle with the evil which was prompting her; but it mastered her, and she answered—

"Yes, but not such a home as this!"

She did not look up as she spoke. She did not see the expression of sharp pain which passed over her husband's face, mingled with anger. He, too, was silent for a moment, and then he said—

"It is late, Alice, to make comparisons. I am sorry, for your sake, the marriage tie is indissoluble."

"It is no use being angry, Ralph," said Alice, through the tears which now fell fast; "you ought not to have taken me from this house to yours; how can you wonder that I feel the difference? And I should not mind if you saw it, too, if you strove to make them more alike, and felt yourself what a change it is for me. But you don't; you expect me to like the little stuffy place, and put up with those clumsy servants, as though I was nothing better than a farmer's daughter; to wait upon you, when I have always been accustomed to be waited upon myself. I am quite unfitted to be your wife. I am not suited to make you happy, or your home comfortable; and I wish, again and again, that I was once more happy Alice Merton;" and burying her face in her hands, she wept aloud.

Ralph answered not a word till she had wept on for some time. He then went up to her, and said, very gently—

"You will be ill, Alice, if you cry so; let us go now quietly to rest; we can resume the subject to-morrow, if you wish."

The quiet, serious tone was so unusual to him, that Alice raised her head in astonishment; but no change was visible in him, save deadly pallor: they spoke no more to one another, except "good-night!"

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

BOOKS, we know,
Are a substantial world both pure and good,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
—*Wordsworth*

☞ *First Traveller.*—How quick you have been in packing up!

Second Ditto.—Why, you see I am helped on wonderfully by the fact of my coats being Alpacas.

We suppose the contributor who has had the atrocity to send us the above, means *all-peckers.*—*Punch.*

☞ TRUE ELOQUENCE.—Eloquence is the child of knowledge. When a mind is full, like a wholesome river, it is also clear. Confusion and obscurity are much oftener the results of ignorance than of inefficiency. Few are the men who cannot express their meaning, when the occasion demands the energy; as the lowest will defend their lives with acuteness, and sometimes even with eloquence. They are masters of their subject. Knowledge must be gained by ourselves. Mankind may supply us with facts; but the results, even if they agree with previous ones, must be the work of our own mind. To make others feel, we must feel ourselves; and to feel ourselves, we must be natural.—*D'Israeli.*

☞ "Sorrows grow less and less every time they are told, just like the age of a woman."—If this be true, we advise women to *tell their sorrows instead of their ages.*—*Exchange paper.*

☞ A wise Frenchman remarks that we may count that day lost which we have passed without a laugh.

☞ The Hartford Times says:—"The cable has ceased to work. If the poet must write about Trinity Bay, why not select the only interesting subject that remains there, and ask the 'chief electrician' to give us the *true* orthography of his name? Thus—

"Thou operator, silent, glum,
Why will you act so naughty?
Do tell us what your name is, come—
De Santy, or De Sauty?

"Don't think to 'humbug' any more,
Shut up there in your shanty—
But solve the problem, once for all,
De Sauty, or De Santy?"

☞ If a man do not erect his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in marble than the bell rings and the widow weeps.—*Shakspeare.*

☞ A GRACEFUL CONNECTION.—"The proper study of Mankind is Woman."—*Punch.*

☞ SHAKSPEARE ON HOOPS.—*Prospero* tells *Caliban* that his mother, "the foul witch *Sycorax*," with age and envy, "was grown into a hoop."

☞ Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.—*Penn.*

☞ If you banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.—*Addison.*

☞ Obloquy is a necessary ingredient in the composition of all true glory. It was not only in the Roman customs, but it is in the nature and constitution of things, that calumny and abuse are essential parts of triumph.—These thoughts will support a mind which only exists for honor, under the burthen of temporary suffering. The honor will be paid, when all the jargon of influence and party and patronage is swept into oblivion.—*Burke.*

☞ I sincerely believe that the unbiased opinion of most medical men of sound judgment and long experience is made up, that the amount of death and disaster in the world would be less, if all disease was left to itself, than it now is under the multiform, reckless, and contradictory modes of practice.—*Jacob Bigelow, M. D., of Boston.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The *first year's* subscription must always be paid *in advance.* For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

Four Copies, - - - - - $5.00 a year.
Eight " (and one to getter up of Club,) 10,00 "
Thirteen, (and one to getter up of Club,) 15,00 "
Twenty (and one to getter up of Club,) 20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 132 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. M. wishes to know how to dye a brown silk a good black—also how to color a white straw brown.

Respectfully declined, "Out of the Shadow into the Sun."

TO CHANCE READERS.

We call the attention of chance readers of THE POST to our Prospectus for Next Year in another column. They will see by reading it, we think, that they cannot do better than enroll themselves upon the long list of our subscribers. The **$1,680** story, by the distinguished author, MR. G. P. R. JAMES, will be of itself worth the price of the paper to club subscribers—Mr. James's last novel, LORD MONTAGU'S PAGE, is now selling in book form for $1,25. And then, besides, we design furnishing THREE STORIES from MARY HOWITT, a Series of BRILLIANT ARTICLES from GRACE GREENWOOD, a NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, &c., &c., &c. Add to these our MISCELLANEOUS and AGRICULTURAL Articles, the SELECTIONS from FOREIGN SOURCES, the FOREIGN and DOMESTIC NEWS, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., and our subscribers will have about TEN times the worth of their money. But see Prospectus.

BEGIN AT ONCE!—To those who design making up Clubs for THE POST, we would say emphatically, BEGIN AT ONCE. Even if you do not wish your subscriptions to commence before the first of January, do not neglect to make up your Clubs AT ONCE! Do not wait until the field is reaped before you commence—but take the harvest at its opening. By so doing you will save yourselves labor, and greatly benefit us. Let our old friends especially, who have stood by THE POST through so many summers and winters, fail not to BEGIN AT ONCE!—and we will show our contemporaries of the press that "some things can be done"—not only "as well"—but a little *better* than others.

INSTRUCTIVE READING.

Such, we suppose, are considered by some of our contemporaries, the long and detailed accounts of a recent "fight" between two notorious pugilists. What are we coming to, when papers called "respectable" will send reporters all the way to Canada to witness such a brutal exhibition, and give as full and accurate an account of the unlawful and intensely vulgar scene as any sheet especially devoted to chronicling the exploits of the "fancy!" Our contemporaries of Philadelphia, we are pleased to say, with one or two exceptions, have kept their editorial hands clear of the dirty work, even though it may result in the loss of not a few pennies. But the presses of New York are full of the disgusting details. The "moral" and "reformatory" *Tribune*, for instance, devotes nearly *six* columns to this interesting affair, besides a column of editorial abuse of such encounters, thrown in as a kind of counterpoise. This is the last great moral humbug—compounding for columns of vulgarity and brutishness by an editorial denouncing them. Thus all readers are pleased—the sinners by having their depraved tastes catered to, and the "saints" by having their consciences cavils satisfied. Could an adroit and able editor, anxious to serve both God and Mammon, do the thing up better?

But the fault is not in the Press so much as in the People. If the "respectable" reading public would not show its preference for the papers that publish such disgusting and brutal details by purchasing them—"for this time only," perhaps—publishers would soon take the hint, and avoid all such pernicious and demoralizing stuff. But the papers of a people cannot be better than the people themselves—and if the people will not show by some signal mark of their disapprobation that they disapprove the publication of long and detailed accounts of prize fights and other disgusting immoralities, they will soon have those accounts in all the leading papers, and, eventually, accompanied often with eulogistic instead of condemnatory editorial comments upon them.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

This quotation has been repeated so often, that it now has the right to take rank as a proverb—that "embodiment of the wisdom of all and the wit of one." And the undeniable lesson taught by it, applies not only to the papers that publish, but to the public which reads. The plea that it is right to keep oneself and family well informed on *all* subjects, is but a branch of that Satanic reasoning which led our first parents to eat of the forbidden fruit. That fruit also was of the tree of knowledge. But what is that knowledge worth whose acquisition is at the cost of the purity and innocency of the mind! Why not be satisfied to know of some things just this much—that these are things which it is best to avoid? Moral filth cannot be trailed into our counting rooms and parlors, without polluting the air and all that it touches, even if the plea for bringing it there be to enlarge the circle of our information as to exactly how some dirty things smell. And those who allow it to be done, will soon find themselves and families unable to detect pure air from foul.

Is any careful parent so foolish as to suppose that he can furnish his growing boys with such reading as we are deprecating, without danger to their moral characters? Can he feed their minds with slang and ruffianism, and expect that they will grow up refined and noble men? If he does, Cause and Effect must be words with whose meaning he is unacquainted.

It is time that a stop were put to this pandering to the lowest and basest instincts by the editors of papers calling themselves moral and respectable. It is time for really moral and respectable people to do this, by giving their patronage to those sheets which still continue true to the ancient landmarks of the profession. For, if this be not done, and that speedily, the consequence will be, the complete obliteration of those ancient and virtue-preserving landmarks. The successful papers ultimately will give the tone to all their contemporaries. One by one the papers that now resist these immoral innovations, if so-called moral and respectable people do not seem to appreciate their efforts, will succumb to what appears to be the prevailing current. They will say, it is all wrong, but the people will have it so, and what can we do? And thus, washing their hands of the sin, as far as possible, they will yield to a depraved public sentiment, which if not absolutely enamored of the vile, still is careless as to the good. Whether this shall be so or not, depends upon you, and you, reader.

WHERE ARE WE DRIFTING?

Bob Willis, the keeper of the gambling saloon in Broadway, where a horrible murder is supposed to have been committed, is at large to-day, though in company of a policeman.—He is to have an examination to-morrow, but nobody believes it will result in holding him even for trial. *Bob is an influential politician; he is rich, and the only witness against him is a poor Irish servant girl, who is neither a politician nor a person of "influence."*

So says the New York correspondent of the *Public Ledger*. In what other country than this could the "keeper of a gambling saloon" be an "influential politician?" And the "influential politicians" are the real aristocracy of the country—using the word aristocracy in its vile and not in its noble sense. The mere fact of wealth as often weighs against as for a man before our Courts and Juries—if he be a man too honorable to *use* it—but an "influential politician" may do almost what villainy he chooses, and go unpunished.

Relative to the supposed murder referred to, a brief account of which matter we give in our news columns, another authority says:—

The revelations growing out of the supposed murder at the gambling hell, in Broadway, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, are rousing the blood of the people against the gangs of blacklegs that infest the city. "Vigilance Committees" is a phrase frequently heard. The opinion is generally prevalent that a murder has been committed, and the description given of the supposed victim leads to the belief that a Mr. P. B. Middleton, of Goshen, Orange county, N. Y., is the murdered man. He came to the city about the first of September, to draw a check for $2,700; since which time nothing has been heard of him.

So we go. The Courts and Juries, elected, chosen and controlled by rowdies, fail to do their duty—and then the formation of "Vigilance Committees" finds stronger and more numerous advocates from day to day. That "Lynch Law" should be resorted to in the early settlement of border districts, is not a thing to be much wondered at or deprecated—but for a once orderly community like New York to be gradually relapsing into an apparent necessity for such illegal movements, is a thing to make all sober men pause, and ask "Where are we drifting—and why?"

THE HEALTH OF WASHINGTON IRVING.—A correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer*, wrote to that print that Mr. Irving was seriously ill at his residence. The New York *Times* of yesterday morning corrects the report and says: "Mr. Irving, it is true, has been indisposed, having received another slight attack of his old complaint—fever and ague—from which he has nearly recovered."

One of the prettiest places to live at in this country—so far as appearances are concerned—is the Eastern bank of the Hudson River. As one sails along that majestic stream, and beholds the long line of noble mansions, with their beautiful grounds, he is tempted to say, surely this is the paradise of the Union. And yet, as there was a serpent in Eden, so, we have been told, is there a brood of miasmatic serpents continually creeping up into those beautiful, wooded heights from the bed of the adjacent river. We have heard this denied, also—and very much to our pleasure, too—but here again comes the charge, indirectly embraced in the above account from a New York paper of Mr. Irving's recovery from his "*old* complaint." Mr. Irving lives all the year at his charming residence, "Sunnyside"—is the "fever and ague" the drop of bitterness in the cup of that felicity?

Who can enlighten us upon this subject? Who can remove the one dark stain from the beautiful highlands of the Hudson? Who can inform us with his hand upon his heart, and a steady look into our eyes, that the banks of the Hudson, even in the Autumnal months, are as healthy as they are gloriously beautiful?

COMPLIMENTARY.—Mr. L. G. H., of Dalton, Ohio, writes:—

We can't do without the POST no how. Wife's household duties don't go off more than half right; eldest daughters have the sulks; and baby has a continuous attack of boo-hooing.

My subscription ran out with the third number in September, I think. I again send $5.

EDITORIAL COURTESIES.

An "Editorial State Convention," of a rather limited character, was held last week in this city. Of the proceedings of that Convention we shall have little to say, having taken no part in them. We rather suspect that the idea lying at the foundation of the Convention, was to grind certain city axes on certain country grindstones—but we would not imply by this that the larger portion of the city editors present had any selfish object in view, or that the country editors present were men whom it would be easy to use for any interested purpose. But whether the original design was axe-grinding or not, we shall not trouble ourselves further with that matter. The real object of the Convention may have been the professed one, "to improve the press and elevate its tone"—or a secret session, to which the reporters were not admitted, may have been occupied, as we see it stated in a contemporary, with an investigation into the merits of the Old Dominion Coffee Pot of our friends Arthur, Burnham & Co.,—however all this may be, it is, as we have said, a matter of which we know little and care less.

But not so, it would appear, with our estimable contemporary, the *Daily Ledger*. It pitches into the Convention, without going in by the door, in the following energetic manner:—

AN EDITORIAL CONVENTION.—Some editors and writers for the press have been holding a Convention in this city "for the purpose of improving the newspaper press and elevating its tone." We have no objections to the individuals who feel that they are guilty of editorial indecencies, holding such conclaves and resolving to reform. There is considerable room for improvement and elevation in some of them, especially in the Germantown Telegraph, the editor of which figures at the head of this movement. We do not know a newspaper in the land that more frequently goes out of a direct way to violate editorial proprieties, or that so frequently allows its columns to be the mere vehicle of personal spleen. If association or any other proper moral restraint can exercise any corrective influence over such newspapers, conventions may possibly do some good. It is not, however, by meeting together and tickling each other's vanity, that gentlemanly propriety is to be attained. Without the proper instincts of gentility in the individual, and a true appreciation of his position and responsibility as a public instructor, which induce him to weigh carefully and dispassionately the words that he is uttering, but little benefit can arise from conventions, no matter how often they are held. The public care nothing about editors' quarrels, or the pitiful indecencies that generally accompany them. They look into a newspaper first for its news, and then for its comments, and if they discover enterprise in one, and good sense and good temper in the other, with a fair share of candor and impartiality, they rely upon it as a useful guide, whose purpose is to instruct and inform its readers and not to inflame evil passions by bitter abuse and personal detraction. Were all our newspapers under the proper influences we allude to, there would be no necessity for the holding of editorial conventions to raise the moral tone of the press. It probably is because some newspapers find, from the effect upon their business, that their tone is considerably less "elevated" than the tone of the public, that they begin to feel that some reform is necessary.

There is a stunner for you. We have been wondering ever since we read it, at the temerity, audacity, and pugnacity of the man who could, would, or dare write such a thing. We have been wondering also at the effect upon the editor of the *Germantown Telegraph*. The editor of the Telegraph is an old *friend* of ours—and we know him to be a man, in general, of an exceedingly amiable disposition. But, having read Shakspeare to some purpose, "When the blast of war blows in *his* ears, he imitates the action of the tiger—stiffens the sinews, summons up the blood, disguises fair nature with hard favored rage—then lends his eyes a terrible aspect," &c., &c., &c. Knowing all this, we are awaiting the appearance of the next *Telegraph* with feelings which, as the reporters say, "can be better imagined than described." We would not be in the editor of the *Ledger's* shoes for the best dinner said editor ever ate. It is all up with him! He will be immolated, impaled, consumed, and done away with—and left hanging as a warning between the earth and the heavens!

But then think of the Major's present condition—whose name, very inconsistently, is *Frees*. He must be just the opposite of *freezing* at this moment. For one whole week has he been forced to bottle up his wrath. His agony of suppression must excite the sympathy of every generous mind. We should think it would even somewhat mollify the ire of our highly worthy friend, the Ex-President of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, between whom and the Major there is perpetual war! If the Major is able to put his feelings upon paper without burning a hole right through his editorial columns, he is not the man we take him to be.

The *Press*, however, in a highly commendable and philanthropic manner, rushed at once to the rescue of the *Telegraph*. The *Press* says, hitting right and left in the exercise of that "courtesy" which the Convention was designed, it is said, to promote:—

The *more creditable portion of the city press are members of this Editorial association; not so the Ishmaels and Bohemians of the craft*, and it is amusing to see *one* of these, a penny worth of small type on discolored straw paper, attempting to sneer at a companionship to which it does not belong, daintily prating of "the proper instincts of gentility in the individual who conducts a journal," and "true appreciation of his position and responsibility as a public instructor." We should like to know what instruction, public or private, there is in indecent advertisements, in announcements of cheating fortune tellers, or in assignations proclaimed to society under the "Personal" head? We doubt whether a mere advertising sheet is "a news-paper," and subjoin an anecdote—

But, in pity to our readers, we forbear. The *Press*, however, it must be admitted, does up its share in the controversy in fine style, and the quarrel seems to be becoming "a very pretty one"—in fact, a highly amusing one, could we only divest ourselves of the fear that the consequences may be serious to our old friend of the *Germantown Telegraph*.

Two things, however, strike us as rather remarkable—First, that an editorial convention, designed to "promote courtesy" and "elevate the tone of the newspaper press," should so signally have failed of its object;—and, secondly, that the editors of the *Press*, who doubtless sat under the droppings of the sanctuary upon the interesting occasion, should have so soon forgotten the teachings there heard, and rushed home to denounce their brethren, whose only fault was in not being present, as wanting in character, and as being "Ishmaels and Bohemians."

EDUCATING THE SEXES TOGETHER.—As the education of the two sexes in the same school has been often urged lately, as beneficial to both, the following, indicating the general opinion of the school-teaching profession, will be found interesting:—

The committee to whom was referred the application of young ladies of Michigan for admission as students in the State University have reported that at present it is inexpedient to introduce the change into the University. In coming to a conclusion they have sought to collect facts and opinions from many sources, such as would command respect and exercise a healthful influence upon public sentiment. Mr. Mann, President of Antioch College, says: "The system works well *here*, and there are great advantages in it. I ought not to say this, however, without adding that very serious dangers must attend the *introduction* of such a system." C. G. Finney, President of Oberlin College, where all are admitted, says the results are quite satisfactory. President Hopkins, of Williams College, favors it partially. Chancellor Frelinghuysen opposes. Dr. Nott opposes. President Walker, of Harvard University, says there is an immense preponderance of enlightened public opinion against the experiment, in which opinion he entirely concurs. President Woolsey, of Yale, writes that he is averse to mingling the sexes in any place of education above the school for the elements, more on account of girls than of boys. Numerous other letters from Union, Columbia, Dickinson, Dartmouth, Hamilton, and Wabash Colleges, and from the universities of Vermont and Virginia, all express the opinion that the education of the sexes together is inexpedient.

Our own opinion leans decidedly to that of President Woolsey, of Yale, upon this subject. We object to the new system more on account of the girls than the boys. The boys may, in some respects, gain by the mixing system—especially in respect to manners. But in respect to severe and absorbing study, we think both sexes would lose. Love nonsense—not appropriate or healthy at their time of life, either to mind or body—must almost inevitably result from such daily intercourse of the sexes, and take a portion of that attention which their studies should wholly occupy.—Mr. Mann's admission that "very serious dangers must attend the *introduction* of such a system," seems to us to imply an almost fatal objection to the system itself.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.—The annual exhibition of the Franklin Institute for the Promotion of the Mechanic Arts, is now being held at the hall on the corner of Sixteenth and Filbert streets, in this city. The show is not very large, relatively speaking, though there is a large number of curious and beautiful articles to be seen, which are seen all the better for the reason that they are not crowded out of notice by a too great profusion. We thought the display of housekeeping articles the best, on the whole, though we saw beautiful carriages, *beautiful pianos, fine daguerreotypes*, and other fine things in honorable prominence. It is invidious, perhaps, to particularize, but among the articles worthy of rank among the mechanic *arts*, were some exquisitely carved bedsteads—one in particular, of plain walnut, unpainted and unvarnished, which seemed the perfection of workmanship. The pianos, too, were fine. So were some specimens of window blinds. Among the inventions, great is the carpet sweeper—a square box, with a handle, which you roll over your carpet, making no dust as you go, simply because the square box takes up all the dust for you! This is a regular Yankee notion, and makes one laugh—it is so *cute*. Curious, too, are the Old Dominion coffee pots and Excelsior tea pots, the revolving coffee roasters and little table presses.—Tantalizingly beautiful are the woven baskets, their pure white willow wattles inspiring one with the mania of owning them all. The cutlery, too, is tempting, the china alluring, the display of drugs handsome enough to make one forget their flavor, and the sad, world-wide fact of multitudinous disease they imply. But of enumeration of these things there is no near end, and we leave the seductive subject, advising everybody to visit the exhibition.

A MODEST EDITOR.—A late number of "Harper's Weekly," in speaking of Mr. Hallock, the editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, of that city, says:—"That he has made *at least* two Presidents of the United States (Polk and Taylor) has been frequently said, and *there is no room to doubt the fact;* yet he is the last man to acknowledge it or to admit his own power in the political world."

"*At least* two Presidents"—and, as the *Weekly* avers, "*there is no room to doubt the fact.*" And yet "he is the last man to acknowledge it, or to admit his own power!" What a wonderful man—whose influence is only surpassed by his modesty. Since the "*Weekly*" called Jacob Little the stock-broker one of the "great and good men" of New York, it has not said a sillier thing.

PICCOLOMINI—Princess and Prima Donna—has completely upset the equilibrium of our New York brethren; not a very difficult operation to be sure. Boxes at the opera have been sold for $50, and choice single seats for $20,—being an additional proof that money is again plenty. The critics tell us that she is very pretty and fascinating, and that she is greater as an actress than as a singer, in decidedly more intelligible language than that which we recently had occasion to comment upon. Perhaps they acknowledged the justice of our strictures, and determined, like sensible men, to do better for the future.

'Tis too much proved that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself. —*Hamlet.*

☞ A lady out West says many funny things, very innocently. Having paid Niagara a visit, she remarked to a friend:—"I went over the big bridge, but I didn't go up to the *dam*. I don't care for *such things!*"

☞ A DESCRIPTION OF WHEAT THAT SHOULD NEVER BE THRASHED.—Upon the marriage of Miss Wheat, of Virginia, an editor hoped that her path would be *flowery*, and that she might never be *thrashed* by her husband.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1859.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, THE NEWS, AGRICULTURE,

G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, T. S. ARTHUR, &c.

The Proprietors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would call the attention of the public to their long-established sheet, and especially to their BRILLIANT ARRANGEMENTS for the coming year. THE POST is peculiarly adapted to the wants of COUNTRY FAMILIES, as it contains weekly not only a large amount of the Best Literature, but the Latest News, Agricultural Essays and Information, Domestic Receipts, Accounts of the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

In its Literary Department measures have been taken to render the coming year one of Unusual Interest. Determined to obtain for THE POST the very best talent that could be procured, we have made arrangements with the distinguished author, G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., for the aid of his brilliant and fertile pen. We design opening the year with an Historical Novelet by this gifted author, to be entitled

THE CAVALIER,

BY G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.,

Author of "Richelieu," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c.

To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

In addition to "THE CAVALIER," we have already secured

THREE STORIES from MARY HOWITT

a lady whose name and literary abilities are probably known wherever the English language is spoken.

We may further state that GRACE GREENWOOD, the popular American authoress, will contribute regularly to our columns. A Series of Articles from her brilliant and graceful pen has been arranged for, to be entitled

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS;

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In this Series, which will probably run through the whole year, our readers may anticipate a literary treat of no common character.

A NOVELET, BY T. S. ARTHUR;

our readers' and the public's old and approved friend, has also been engaged to add to the treasures of the New Year. Our admirable weekly

LETTERS FROM PARIS,

which have been so well received by our readers, will also be continued.

In addition to the names of G. P. R. JAMES, MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, and T. S. ARTHUR, we may mention MRS. M. A. DENISON, MISS EMMA ALICE BROWN, "FLORENCE PERCY," MISS MARTHA RUSSELL, and the Author of *MY LAST CRUISE*, as among the *regular* contributors to THE POST. The productions of many other writers, of course, will at intervals grace and adorn our columns; and

CHOICE SELECTIONS

of all kinds, from the BEST FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SOURCES, shall continue to be, as heretofore, a leading feature of our paper. The Stories, Essays, Sketches, Agricultural and Scientific Facts, &c., &c., obtained in this way for the readers of THE POST, are among the most instructive as well as interesting portion of its contents. THE VERY CREAM of the PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF THE BRITISH ISLES being thus given to our readers.

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

In Nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be called deformed but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourished by the devil.
—*Shakspeare.*

☞ The evening before Crabbe died, his physican, feeling his pulse with much gravity, and observing that it beat more evenly than upon his last visit, "My dear friend," said the patient, "if you don't know, or have not a technical expression for it, I will tell you what it beats; it beats the dead march."

☞ The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he has contracted in the former.

☞ A little girl, a day or two since, said,—"My little grandmother is living, but my great grandmother is dead and gone to heaven—but then I shall see her there." A lady visitor asked her how she would know her departed relative, seeing they had never met on earth. "Oh," was the ready reply, "I suppose God will introduce us!"

☞ Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.—*Goethe.*

☞ Among other efforts made to amuse Ibrahim Pacha during the time that he was in England, he was taken to see a cricket match at Lords. After staring wearisomely for the space of two hours at the strenuous exertions of the picked players of England, he at length, in despair, sent a message to the captains of the eleven, that he did not wish to hurry them, but that when they were tired of running about he would be much obliged to them if they would begin their game.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 154. Adults 78, and children 76.

New Publications.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH, AND OTHER POEMS, by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) constitute a volume of verse which has recently given the London *Athenæum* occasion for one of those signally silly criticisms of which that irregularly able journal has too often proved itself capable. Signal as is the silliness, however, the deliberate detraction and mean misrepresentation are even more so. Longfellow, one of the healthiest of our poets, his works full of benignancy and reconciliation, even his saddest tones echoing with lofty cheer,—a poet who has done good service in binding the young men and maids of America to the nobler ideals and duties of life, and sanctified many a mind with images of aspiration, courage and endurance—is represented by this preposterous reviewer, as a sort of melancholy moonling, drearily howling under ghastly lunar light in graveyards, and filling the ears of happy people with sorrow and dismay. The leading poem in this volume is contemptuously pooh-poohed, there being "just one pretty line in it,"—and the other poems are no less contemptuously filliped aside,—only a little weak, grudging praise being superciliously dribbled out to two or three among them. The worst of all is that certain people in this country accept a judgment like this as a special revelation from a higher sphere, and Sir Oracle critics get from it the puny courage which enables them to belittle and condemn the poet on principles which, applied, would reduce Shakspeare and Milton to plagiarists and poetasters. When are we in this country to learn to form our judgment on our own men, and our own men's works, without reference to the opinions of Great Britain? How long before we can venture to tie our own neckcloths without a warrant from Mr. Chief Justice Overdo?

The fact with reference to Mr. Longfellow's late volume is that the leading poem is an admirable performance, and will take rank with the most beautiful idyls in modern literature. If not equal to the exquisite "Evangeline," it is because by the nature of the theme it could not be, for most assuredly there is no inferiority of treatment, and the true poet and skilled literary artist are apparent in every line. It is remarkable for its quiet conceptive and presentative power. There is no strain—no toiling after effect—but with soft, judicious strokes the days of the Pilgrims are brought before us. With little personal description, the characters are yet strongly individualized to the reader's mind. Little is said of the personal aspect of Miles Standish—yet the few slight, sufficient touches restore to us the doughty Puritan Captain "in his habit as he lived." It is the same with John Alden—the same with the beautiful figure of the beautiful Priscilla. Admirable as well, is the consummate art which contrasts and yet harmonizes the happy idyllic beauty of the little drama with the sad and sombre life of the early Pilgrims. For it is on that background of sorrow and exile, of privation and peril, that the blooming picture glows, and with all its genial beauty it yet involves, and bears relation to, the darker and more serious scenes of the struggling Commonweal behind it. It assists history, and makes us more familiar with the life and spirit of the Old Colony days than bundles of historical facts could do. Snarling criticism may carp and cavil, but multitudes of people will find a deep delight, and something deeper than delight, in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

Specimen bricks, from the time of the Greek comic poet to our own, have never been reputed sufficient to give an idea of the building—yet specimen bricks are all we can offer. The story is short and simple. Miles Standish, spite of his rule—

"if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others,"

—gets John Alden, his friend and companion, to make love for him to Priscilla, the beautiful Puritan maiden. Alden, overcome by the strong will of the Captain, and himself the lover of Priscilla, reluctantly undertakes the mission, and goes, as we are told in a passage replete with the benignant beauty of Longfellow's fancy—

"Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
"Into the tranquil woods, where robins and bluebirds were building
"Towns in the populous trees with hanging gardens of verdure,
"Peaceful aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom,"

—goes on his way to Priscilla's dwelling. There arrived, he earnestly pleads the Captain's suit.

"But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language
"Quite forgetful of self and full of the praise of his rival,
"Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes overrunning with laughter,
"Said in a tremulous voice 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

At this, John rushes from the dwelling, self-accusing and half-distracted, and returning, tells the Captain what has passed, who forthwith bursts into a stormy passion, and upbraids Alden with treachery. Alden is silent with anger under the insult, and Standish, summoned by a messenger, goes to fight the Indians. Then, to hurry to the conclusion, Alden, on the point of putting an end to his anguish by returning to England in the Mayflower, recoils from his purpose at chance sight of the saddened face of Priscilla, remains, and soon news comes of the death of Miles Standish, reported slain by the Indians. This frees Alden from his self-imposed bonds, and the wedding takes place between himself and Priscilla. And then—

"Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,
"Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure,
* * * * * * *
"Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement,
"Bodily there in his armor, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth."

Not dead, but alive, Miles Standish grasps the hand of the bridegroom, begs his forgiveness, and amidst joy and congratulations, the party prepare to proceed to Alden's new dwelling.

"Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
"Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
"Brought out his snow-white steer, obeying the hand of its master,
"Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
"Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
"She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday.
"Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
"Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
"Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband
"Gayly, with joyous laughter, Priscilla mounted her palfrey."
* * * * * * *
"Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
"Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
"Pleasantly murmured the brook as they crossed the ford in the forest,
"Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
"Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of its azure abysses
"Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
"Gleaming on purple grapes that, from branches above them suspended,
"Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
"Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
"Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
"Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
"Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
"Love immortal and young in the endless procession of lovers.
"So through the Plymouth woods passed on the bridal procession."

And so, with this lovely picture, which the pencil of our own Darley ought to trace to the eye as it is here traced to the mind's eye—ends the poem. May its readers be innumerable!

The remaining poems in the volume, twenty-three in number, have appeared before in various magazines, and are all the work of a spirit that is "not finely touched but to fine issues," as they abundantly show.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH, by GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) was published serially last year in "Household Words," at which time we gave our readers numerous samples of its quality. It is a narrative, told with much graphic power, and a wild, grotesque humor, of what the author, a jolly, free-and-easy, devil-may-care young London Bohemian, saw and heard during a summer's stay in Russia. Full of persiflage and slang, and not even pretending to any comprehensiveness and variety of view, or any depth of insight in regard to the life and character of the Russian state or people, the book yet gives one a vivid idea of certain phases and aspects of things in Russia, and is, moreover, so thoroughly alive and amusing, that the reader cannot fail to receive it with favor.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for November, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) has the conclusion of "Her Grace the Drummer's Daughter"—the best story that has yet appeared in this magazine. The article on Spenser is full of curious interest to all lovers of the Elizabethan literature. Perhaps the most gratifying thing to the public at large is, however, the re appearance of the genial "Autocrat," whose departure every one regretted, whose return all will hail.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for October, (W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia,) has a pleasant article on Montaigne, another on Sir Walter Scott, together with other good reading.

PASCHALE'S PILGRIMAGE, (Edward S. Morris, Philadelphia,) is a piece of versification, alternately satirical and sober, touching facetiously or gravely on various public topics.

THE LOTTERY TICKET; OR, THE FORLORN HOPE, by PAUL RICHTER, (Barclay & Co., Philadelphia,) is a tale showing up the evils of lotteries. The author's purpose is good, and his story shows warm sympathies with the poor and needy.

ISABELLA GRAY. A Novel, by a LADY. C. Desilver, Philadelphia.

GILLIAN AND OTHER POEMS, by GEORGE M. RYDER. C. Desilver, Philadelphia.

CONFESSION IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—The Bishop of Oxford, in a published letter approving the decision of the Commissioners in the case of Rev. Mr. West, the Boyne Hill curate, gives the following views "on the general subject of confession:"

"As I have already stated in writing, I hold it to be a part of the wisdom and tenderness of the Church of England that she provides for any parishioner who in sickness shall 'feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter,' being moved to make special confession of his sins; and that she also provides for those who, before Holy Communion, 'cannot quiet their own consciences,' being invited 'to open their grief to the minister of God's Word.'

"In making this special and limited provision for troubled souls, I hold that the Church of England discountenances any attempt on the part of the clergy to introduce a system of habitual confession, or, in order to carry out such a system, to require men and women to submit themselves to the questioning and examination of the priest. Such a system of inquiry into the secrets of hearts, must, in my judgment, lead to innumerable evils. God forbid that our clergy should administer, or that our wives and daughters should be subject to it. I am sure that any attempt to introduce it would throw grievous difficulties in the way of that free ministerial intercourse with our people, which, for their sakes and for the efficiency of our ministry, it is all important to maintain open and unsuspected.

THE wheat crop of Canada, in 1858, according to returns received at the Bureau of Agriculture, is about 25 per cent. below the average of ordinary years. These returns come from 46 different counties, of which 36 are in Upper Canada, where wheat alone is grown to any considerable extent.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

OUR SKYEY VISITANT—A FRENCH VINTAGE—THE REVERSE OF THE MEDAL—A PATERNAL GOVERNMENT—A SCIENTIFIC GATHERING—A HOSPITABLE GRAND-DUKE.

Paris, September 30, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The comet, during the past week, has been "the observed of all observers;" a bright, round head, shining like a planet, not scintillating like a star, with a magnificent wispy tail, "a yard long," seemingly composed of faint, silvery lines, something between lines of the finest silver wire, and threads of silver gauze, the whole tail presenting a slightly curving appearance, which gives to this mysterious object a much more graceful look than it would have if the long, filmy track of brightness it casts across the sky stuck out behind its nucleus in a perfectly straight line. It constitutes a most magnificent spectacle; and those who are prone to star-gazing will lament its disappearance.

Meantime the popular prejudice which associates a superior quality of wine with the presence of a comet, bids fair to be strengthened by the results of this year's vintage. All over the country the glad voice of the *vignerons* are proclaiming the admirable quality of the grapes, while the general yield will be, it is now asserted, fully one-third above that of an "average" year. So accustomed have the owners of vineyards become, of late years, to the sorrow of deficient vintages, that the plenty of the present season has found them unprepared. Both laborers and casks are at a premium, and hardly to be had "for love or money." A friend of mine, who, in addition to his literary honors, is also the happy possessor of a large tract of vines near Dijon, one of the centres of the famous wines of Claude-Vougeot and Chambertin, is accustomed to leave Paris every summer, and to proceed to his vineyards, where he personally superintends the business of gathering the fruit, and making the wine. Accordingly, about ten days ago, he went down to his estate, whereon is a little house for the reception of the owner's family during the vintage, and proceeded to make his preparations for the great affair, when he found, to his dismay, that he could only procure one-half the laborers he needed, and that as for casks—of which a great additional stock was required to meet the exigencies of a yield so much more abundant than had been hoped for—everything available was bought up for miles round by the other owners.

To understand this dearth of laborers, it must be remembered that, in many parts of France, the old custom called *the ban of the vintage*, or, in other words, the prohibition to gather your grapes before the day appointed for that purpose by the authorities of the district, is still in full force, and that thus, every owner of a vine being obliged to cut his grapes on the same day, a tremendous addition to the laboring population of each district is required on the day appointed for the gathering. *This* ban was instituted in those lovely old feudal days which look so enchanting to superficial observers as seen through the fanciful medium of romance; but which none of their regretters would be apt to enjoy if they could be transported back into their midst. The nobles and monks being the only possessors of walled gardens in those happy times, made a law that, in order to insure the due ripening of grapes, on which so much of the national prosperity depended, (considerate nobles, and considerate monks!) not a single bunch of grapes should be gathered, except such as grew in inclosed gardens and vineyards,) before the authorities of the district had given the word for proceeding to the vintage.

The real object of the nobles and monks aforesaid, was simply to hold in their own hands the monopoly of the best wines. Having enclosed their finest tracts of vines, they caused their own grapes to be gathered at the moment of their greatest maturity; thus ensuring the production of the most perfect wine. But they always named, as the time for "raising the ban," a period when the grapes of what is called "the middle zone,"—i. e., the middle zone of the hilly country in which the vine delights—were in their prime. Thus, the grapes of all the vineyards at the foot of the hills, called, technically, "the lower zone," were already over-ripe, by a period varying from a week to ten days, according to the heat of the season; and the wine made from them was sure to run on to the alcoholic fermentation, which is the surest destroyer of the delicate aroma or bouquet of the wine. At the same time, the grapes of the upper region of the hills, or "upper zone," were equally certain to be just as far short of perfect ripeness, and the wine made from them must inevitably be sour, thin and cold, wanting the body and flavor of that made from the perfectly-ripened fruit of the "middle zone." This arrangement, which so excellently subserved the selfish views of the civil and ecclesiastical masters, who were the owners, almost without exception, of the valuable vineyards of the "middle zone," has been, strange to say, perpetuated over the greater part of the wine-growing districts of France to the present day. Although a law of 1791, on the vintage, states expressly that "the gathering of the grapes *may* (not *must*) be decided by the municipal authority of each commune," thus leaving the matter perfectly open to the decision of the vine-owners themselves, custom is so imperious in this land of wild theorizings, that in Burgundy,—the most important of the French wine-growing districts—as in many others, this tyrannous and mischievous arrangement still continues in full force. All the arrangements for the vintage being practically based upon the "ban," an owner who should attempt to get in his grapes before or after the appointed time, would find it difficult, if not impossible, to carry out his purpose. Laborers would be difficult to get in sufficient numbers,—for all your grapes must be crushed and thrown into the vats at the same time, or your wine will suffer,—and no end of obstacles would be thrown in his way by the prejudices of all engaged in the operation. My friend, longing to take advantage of a magnificent sunshiny day that preceded the one "appointed" for the gathering, was forced, by the impossibility of finding hands, to wait until the morrow, though fearing rain. Happily, the appointed day was fine; and the whole countryside was up with the dawn, the vineyards echoing with the songs of the gatherers, and cart after cart rumbling in every direction towards the several presses. Everything was gayety, good-humor, bustle, business and fun. The gatherers are paid 45 cents per day, with the liberty of stuffing on grapes to the extent to which their ribs can stand the distension to which they are subjected. They enjoy the frolic, and go about the country in bands, from point to point, ready to turn in and work wherever hands are needed.

The owners are always ready to help one another; and it being known that my friend had but half the help he needed, a neighbor, whose grapes were all in by noon, sent over a squad of pickers to his relief, and by their aid everything was happily got through before sunset. But the scouring of the country for casks, the frantic rushes of owners down to the railway, and off to Dijon two or three times in the course of the day, in the agonized chase after those indispensable concomitants of wine making, the leaks that developed themselves in the great vats, empty since so many years, and the various other minor troubles attendant on the unlooked-for blessing of a yield such as has not gladdened the hearts of the vine-owners for ten years past, seem to have been both tragic and comic; and to have excited the people of that famous region in the highest degree. To judge of the delight which has succeeded to the various emotions of the vintage, it is only necessary to remember that wealthy families, whose whole income is derived from their wines, have not, for many years, raised wine enough to pay the taxes on their vineyards; and so far from realising a large income from the latter, have actually been compelled to purchase wine for their own domestic consumption! It will be readily believed that, after such an experience, the difficulties and perplexities of the vintage just closing are felt to be amply compensated for by the brilliant yield now slowly fermenting in the long-idle vats.

All the principal owners of vineyards, with their families, go down to them for the vintage; and those of each district being generally well-known to one another, evening parties, dinners and dances are the order of the day all over the country. Friends from neighboring cities and towns also go down in crowds to participate in the genial excitement of the time, and as much hospitality goes on as the "lodges" of the various owners can stretch their walls to. Altogether, the vintage is one of the pleasantest and most characteristic features of French life; and despite the mischievous effects of the "ban" in many regions, one of those which it is most agreeable to contemplate; the fact that good, unadulterated wine is one of Heaven's best gifts to man, as a promoter both of health and sobriety, being a conviction that forces itself on the mind of all impartial residents in vine-growing countries, and that will probably win a wider acceptation as *the extension of the wine-growing industry* to other parts of the earth's surface, brings the [illegible] within the ken of the daily experience of a wider circle of judges.

The strange adherence of this lively people to routine in practical matters, of which the perpetuation of the "vintage ban," no longer by law, but by the mere force of the popular *vis inertiæ*, is an instance, is also strongly exemplified in the fact that, in all the great towns, as in the villages of this country, the work of drainage, and the supply of water, still go on, for the most part, as they did one thousand years ago. Imagine a city of over a million of people, like Paris, utterly devoid of anything like a system of sewers! A few partial drains have, of late years, been made, but these are disconnected with one another, and serve principally for carrying off the waste water of the gutters.—The entire household drainage of this magnificent capital is, to this day, carried off at stated periods, fixed by law, from each house, by the employees of the "Emptying Company," whose enormous wagons transport to establishments outside the city, the great piles of mammoth casks which so much puzzle the imaginations of visitors to this beautiful city, who happen to be out during the hours of the night to which this hideous and most offensive process is confined. This mode of solving one of the great problems of city life has been inveighed against for years by physicians and reformers, but in vain; and it is surprising that observations conducted [illegible] the greatest care by scientific men [illegible] could give, as the component portions of night-air in Paris, an amount of deadly elements which induces all prudent persons to shut their windows, all the year round, before betaking themselves to their nightly pillows.

As to the supply of water, all that has yet been done, is the erection of some water-works *below* the city, which pump up from the Seine a small supply, with which is mingled the black streams issuing night and day, to the tune of forty millions of gallons yearly, from the eighty partial sewers flowing into the river, and the entire refuse of the vast hospital of the Hotel-Dieu, with its average population of nine hundred sick and dying wretches, which is built beside and over the Seine, at its *entrance* into Paris, and flanked by the Morgue, where all the stray corpses found in the town or river are conveyed to be claimed by the friends of the deceased, the bodies lying on an inclined table, over which streams of water are constantly playing, and falling back into the filthy river, from which Paris is compelled to drink! The small supply thus obtained is disseminated through the town by pipes, and furnishes the street hydrants which, in many quarters, are the sole resource of the poor, and offer the sole supply for washing down the street gutters, and for extinguishing fires. By far the larger part of the domestic water-consumption of Paris is obtained from the carriers, who spend their existence in carrying water up to the innumerable kitchens of the six and seven storied houses of the metropolis, at the rate of two *sous* per bucket. No wonder that water is one of the luxuries whose general use has not yet been attained by the coquettish Parisians! A project for undertaking the supply of pure water to Paris by means of an aqueduct, bringing two small rivers of Champagne into the city, is now before the municipal authorities; what its fate may be it is not easy to foretell, but it is very certain that the sums so lavishly expended in rebuilding and ornamenting the city would have been more wisely employed in providing drains and aqueducts. But the propensity of the Parisians to street fighting has rendered the opening of the town to the sweep of cannon a *sine qua non* for the maintenance of public quiet; and these improvements, so urgently needed, seem destined to be put off to a more convenient season.

The system of leaving everything to be regulated by "authority," which pervades every department of French life, is also oddly shown in a decree which has just appeared in the *Moniteur* regulating the quantity of salt which fishing-boats may convey to the herring-grounds in this year of grace, 1858. Imagine the feelings of the busy fishermen of any branch of the Anglo-Saxon family, whose rulers should pretend to decide how much salt they should take out with them in their reaping of the finny harvest! And this "regulation" excites no sense of being tyrannized over in the mind of a Frenchman, but seems to him, on the contrary, the most natural thing in the world.

A pleasanter subject of contemplation than this mania of a gallant people for moving in hand-cuffs, is the 31st annual session of the Scientific Congress of Germany, which is now being held in Carlsruhe, attended by a greater number of notabilities than on any previous gathering. The Grand Duke was present at the opening of the session; and caused a play of Sophocles to be performed at the Grand Ducal Theatre in the evening, to which all the members were invited. Next day he gave them a magnificent soiree at his palace, the park being superbly illuminated with colored lamps, and three of the best military bands of his little dominions playing in different parts of the grounds. At half-past eight a splendid supper was served to the 900 members present; the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess making their appearance among their guests before supper, welcoming them with the utmost kindness and affability, and being received with several rounds of very hearty cheers.

QUANTUM.

STRONG SUSPICION OF FOUL PLAY IN NEW YORK.—An Irish girl living as a domestic in the gambling house of the notorious Bob Willis, 581 Broadway, (she not knowing the character of the place when she engaged to go there,) alleges that a little over a month since she has great reason to believe that some man, unknown to her, was enticed into Willis's vile resort, there swindled out of his money and afterwards murdered. In fact she positively asserts that she saw the remains of a dead man in the cistern, the morning after there was a terrible fight in the basement, when she heard a man beg his assailants to spare his life. This story was related to Justice Connolly, who took her affidavit.

On the complaint of the girl, Justice Connolly issued a warrant, and late on Tuesday night, accompanied by the officers of his court, Captain Walling and several of the detectives, Captain Turnbull, of the 8th precinct, and others, he proceeded to execute the process in person. The premises were completely surrounded, and all chances of escape were cut off.

[illegible] with about twelve or fifteen officers, rang the bell of the gambling house, which was answered by a colored man, who, on opening the door, declined admitting the party, but the ponderous magistrate pushed him aside, and the officials rushed up stairs. On entering the second story rear parlor, there were several men seated about a table, playing "Faro." The judge immediately announced, in a loud voice, "Gentlemen, you are all my prisoners!" and, at the same time, the officers closed and guarded the doors, that none could escape. The consternation among the terror stricken gamblers at that moment was very great, and each one looked around and about him to see if there was no chance of escaping but they were doomed to be disappointed.

Justice Connolly and the officers subsequently returned to Willis's house, which they thoroughly examined from top to bottom, in hopes of finding some trace of the body of the man alleged to have been murdered. The cistern was thoroughly raked, but owing to the quantity of water it contained, the examination was not satisfactory, and will be resumed. On the woodwork of the cistern, numerous blood spots were visible, and on the wall at the floor of a dark passage in the basement, visible large quantities of blood [illegible] described by the girl Mulhearn.

What was there discovered (except finding the body,) corroborative of the statements of the complainant [illegible] the impression was general among the officers, Judge Connolly, and others, that there had been foul work, and, most likely, an atrocious murder committed in that den of gamblers. Efforts will be made to obtain further information, and, if possible, despel the dark mystery which now envelops the whole matter.

A gentleman who had been victimized recently by gamblers to the tune of five thousand dollars, has been mysteriously missing from his hotel (St. Nicholas) since Friday last. His name is O. Beldstein Hellenay, of the Swedish Royal Navy. His baggage remains undisturbed in his room, and his friends are in great distress at his absence.

When last seen, Mr. Hellenay was much inebriated, and in such great excitement on account of the money the gamblers had won of him, that he then threatened to blow his brains out. The arrested gamblers were taken before Justice Connolly at the Tombs, this (Wednesday) morning, and committed to prison, to await an examination. Bob Willis was absent when the descent was made, but was afterwards arrested.

Dr. Chilton is engaged in an analysis of the spots of blood found in the house. The theory of the accused is that it was spattered there from the ears of a dog that had been recently clipped. The spots show evidence of great efforts to erase them, and there are several hundred of them. Some are in places where the head of a struggling man would be likely to come, and on the outside of the cesspool, as well as on the fence near by, are unmistakable signs of blood. But no evidence was found of the presence of a human body, as testified by the complainant.

The house possessed a wide reputation. Its "ropers" were in every prominent hotel, dressed in the height of fashion, to induce unwary countrymen to enter the establishment; and thousands have been fleeced by the merciless sharpers who were in the habit of congregating there.

POST OFFICE BUTTONS.—We have seen some beautiful buttons of antique design,, intended for the use of the officers and clerks of the Post Office Department. They are from dies designed by Mr. F. Hassan, of this city, and have been adopted by all the persons connected with the Boston Post Office. Though but recently introduced, the manufacturer has received large orders for them and they will doubtless be generally adopted by persons connected with the Department throughout the country.—*Boston Transcript.*

NEWS ITEMS.

ANOTHER EXODUS IN CONTEMPLATION.—Colonel Kinney informs the San Antonio (Texas) Herald, that he has concluded his negotiations with the Mormons, for the sale of his interest in Central America, and has received an earnest of $200,000, as part of the purchase money, which is to be $2,000,000.

AT Crocket, Texas, butter is ten cents per pound, beef three cents, bacon twenty cents, flour six dollars for one hundred pounds. Oats two dollars per bushel. They eat beef for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

BY late news from Utah we learn that good feeling prevailed between the Mormons and Gentiles, and Governor Cumming's administration seems to be satisfactory to the former.—Governor Johnston's command, consisting of from 7,000 to 8,000 men, will remain together during the winter.

MRS. MARY TWIGGS was hung on the 22nd, at Danville, Pennsylvania, for having poisoned with arsenic Mrs. Catharine Ann Clark, whose husband was convicted of the charge, and hung on the 20th of September. Great efforts were made to obtain a pardon for Mrs. Twigg, but they failed. On the scaffold she protested that she was innocent.

GOV. DENVER arrived at St. Louis on Saturday evening week, from Kansas. The Missouri Republican says he does not contemplate returning to the Territory again, and that the Territorial Secretary will perform the duties of Governor until the President fills the vacancy.

IN Iowa, the other day, a brute of a man kicked his wife. The indignant neighbors assembled and made a jackass kick him. The wife was kicked by much the baser beast of the two.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST MAN IN THE COUNTY.—Mr. Christian Haldeman, the oldest citizen of Lancaster county, died at his residence in East Lampeter township, on the 11th inst., at the age of 99 years, 1 month and 26 days.

THE New York Sun says that a few days since, the Sheriff sold out the effects of a merchant who has been ruined by the purchase of lottery tickets. He bought for years, but never gained a prize until a few weeks ago, and the lottery man refused to pay the only bit he made.

A PARTY of Engineers have been making experiments for the last six months with the Mississippi water at a point opposite Columbus, Ky., in order to ascertain the amount of sediment carried down by the river during any given period. One result of the calculations was that the sediment which passes Columbus in one day, would, if the waters could be held entirely immoveable, be sufficient to form quite a respectable dam across the river at that place.

SORROWFUL.—A woman, formerly of Newark, N. J., but who, for the past year, had been living in Chicago, a few days since started, with a sick child in her arms, to return to Newark. When near Cleveland, Ohio, the child died in her arms. The mother, disconsolate, and far from friends, with scarcely money enough to reach home, rather than leave her babe among strangers, continued on her journey, and reached Newark, *having carried the dead infant in her arms* the entire distance.

ROW AT THE NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY.—A correspondent of the Greensborough (North Carolina) Times, writing from Chapel Hill, says:—"We have intelligence of a terrible outbreak at our University, in which the principal features are the burning of one of the teachers in effigy, assaulting the faculty, burning the benches, and attacking a private residence.

THE chess match between Morphy and Harrwitz has been brought to a sudden termination by the illness (!) of the latter, the score standing *Morphy 5, Harrwitz 2, drawn 1.*

THE steam fire engine of the Hope Hose Company, of this city, gave such a favorable exhibition of her qualities in New York, that a company was immediately formed in that city to procure a similar apparatus.

FROM WISCONSIN FOR EUROPE.—The Portuelia Flood, a barque of four hundred tons, arrived in Quebec, Canada, on the 10th instant, from Green Bay, Wisconsin, bound for England.—She is said to be a *fine looking and substantial* vessel.

HEAVY FAILING OFF.—There was a decrease *in the taxable property* of San Francisco, California, *for the present fiscal year, as compared with the last, of considerably more than* $4 500,000.

MR. CHOATE'S LAST.—The eight mutineers of the whaleship Junior will soon be tried in Boston, Massachusetts. A few days since, Rufus Choate, speaking of the alleged ringleader, is reported to have said,—"What! Hands dripping with blood, *and no money!* He's a lost man!"

A MR. JENNINGS, of New York, says he employs four men constantly to catch rats, and he has obtained upwards of 3,000 from the Astor House, and 2,000 from the St. Nicholas Hotel; and about the same number from the New York Hotel, and lots from [illegible] and a number of other hotels. He supplies a great number of cities of the United States with the animal, Baltimore alone being his customer to the extent of about 2,000 per month.

MORE GOLD.—There was another gold discovery, it is said, on South Water street, in front of the grist mill, on Saturday. The quartz is similar to that found in *California, leaving* the gold.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

A NEW feature in dueling was introduced in an affair of honor which came off a few days since in Chicago, between a bank clerk and a hotel clerk. To insure a meeting, $100 forfeit was put up, after the fashion of horse-racers.

POISONOUS VEGETABLE.—The Trinity Journal says: In the Pitt River Mountains there is a small root, resembling a potato, which is deadly poison. Travelling there, a companion of ours found a quantity of them in the bottom of a spring, two or three of which he ate, and was dead within two or three hours. The spring was near the trail, and the poisonous things had been placed there by the Indians, who knew the tempting death concealed in them.

MORE HUMBUGGERY IN PROSPECT.—The Spiritualists intend to establish in Chatauque county, New York, an Association to be a "Divine Social State upon Earth," and accordingly a domain of two hundred acres has been secured, containing healing springs discovered by the Spirits. A "Remedial Institute" is in process of erection, under the charge of a Mrs. Gardner, for invalids who seek spiritual treatment for their physical ills. The Spirits are now putting Mrs. Gardner through a course of tuition to fit her for her station. A Mr. John M. Spear is to hold the appointment of "communicator," and it is through him exclusively that the Spirits will make known their wishes. There is to be a "General Assembly," and this body is to be subdivided into seven parts, named Benefacents, Electrizers, Elementizers, Agriculturizers, Healthfulizers, Educationizers and Governmentizers. Through the instrumentality of these, perfect bliss on earth is ultimately to be attained.

INTERESTING TO GRASS WIDOWERS.—A remarkable case has just been decided in the Brooklyn City Court, to the effect that a single woman can recover damages from a married man for breach of marriage promise. In the case alluded to, the defendant, like many other scoundrels who fail to get their deserts, had deserted his wife and played bachelor lover to a German girl. Failing to marry, according to promise, she sued him, and he had the cowardly meanness to crawl off by saying that as he had a wife already his promise was an empty lie. The jury thought otherwise, and gave $5,000 damages. An appeal was taken, but the General Term affirmed the judgment. Married men who desert their wives for more attractive faces, will do well to remember this case.

☞ Poetry is only born after painful journeys into the vast regions of thought.—*Bacon.*

LOVE IN THE CLOUDS.

"And this is the fellow that wants to marry my daughter! A pretty fool I should be to give Annie to a coward like him!"

So shouted honest Master Joss, the sacristan of the cathedral of Vienna, as he stood in the public room of the "Adam and Eve" inn, and looked after the angry retreating figure of Master Ottkar, the head mason.

As he spoke, an honest young gardener, named Gabriel, entered; and for a moment the youth's handsome face flushed high, as he thought the sacristan's words were directed at him. For it was the old, old story. Gabriel and Annie had played together and loved each other before they knew the meaning of the word love, and when, a few months before, they had found it out, and Gabriel proposed to make Annie his wife, her father rejected him with scorn. The young gardener had little to offer besides an honest heart and a pair of industrious hands, while Master Ottkar, the mason, had both houses and money. To him, then, sorely against her will, was the pretty Annie promised; and poor Gabriel kept away from the sacristan's pleasant cottage, manfully endeavoring to root out his love while exterminating the weeds in his garden. But somehow it happened that, although the docks and thistles withered and died, that other pertinacious plant, clinging and twining like the wild convolvulus, grew and flourished—nurtured, perchance, by an occasional distant glimpse of sweet Annie's pale cheek and drooping form.

So matters stood, when one day, as Gabriel was passing through a crowded street, a neighbor hailed him:

"Great news, my boy! glorious news! Our Leopold has been chosen Emperor at Frankfort! Long live the House of Austria! He is to make his triumphal entry here in a day or two. Come with me to the 'Adam and Eve,' and we will drink his health, and hear all about it."

In spite of his dejection, Gabriel would have been no true son of Vienna if he had refused this invitation; and waving his cap in sympathy with his comrade's enthusiasm, he hastened with him to the inn.

We have already seen how the unexpected appearance and more unexpected words of Master Joss met him on his entrance. In the height of his indignation, the sacristan did not observe Gabriel, and continued in the same tone:

"I declare, I'd give this moment full and free permission to woo and win my daughter to any honest young fellow who would wave the banner in my stead—ay, and think her well rid of that cowardly mason."

From time immemorial it had been the custom in Vienna, whenever the Emperor made a triumphal entry, for the sacristan of the cathedral to stand on the very pinnacle of the highest tower, and wave a banner while the procession passed. But Master Joss was old, stiff, and rheumatic, and such an exploit would have been quite as much out of his line, as dancing on a tight rope. It was therefore needful for him to provide a substitute, and it never occurred to him that his intended son-in-law, who professed such devotion to his interests, and whose daily occupation obliged him to climb to dizzy heights, and stand on slender scaffolding, could possibly object to take his place.

What, then, was his chagrin and indignation when, on broaching the matter that afternoon to Master Ottkar, he was met by a flat and not over-courteous refusal! The old man made a hasty retort; words ran high, and the parting volley, levelled at the retreating mason, we have already reported.

"Would you, dear Master Joss, would you indeed do so? Then, with the help of Providence, I'll wave the banner for you as long as you please from the top of St. Stephen's tower."

"You, Gabriel?" said the old man, looking at him as kindly as he was wont to do in former days. "My poor boy! you never could do it; you, a gardener, who never has had any practice in climbing."

"Ah, now you want to draw back from your word!" exclaimed the youth, reddening. "My head is steady enough: and if my heart is heavy, why, it was you who made it so. Never mind, Master Joss. Only promise me, on the word of an honest man, that you'll not interfere any more with Annie's free choice, and you may depend on seeing the banner of our Emperor, whom may Heaven long preserve! wave gloriously on the old pinnacle."

"I will, my brave lad; I do promise, in the presence of all these honest folks, that Annie shall be yours;" said the sacristan, grasping Gabriel's hand with one of his, while he wiped his eyes with the back of the other.

"One thing I have to ask you," said the young man, "that you will keep this matter a secret from Annie. She'd never consent; she'd say I was tempting Providence; and who knows whether the thought of her displeasure might not make my head turn giddy, just when I want to be most firm and collected."

"No fear of her knowing it, for I have sent her on a visit to her aunt two or three miles in the country."

"And why did you send her from home, Master Joss?"

"Because the sight of her pale face and weeping eyes troubled me; because I was vexed with her; because, to tell you the truth, I was vexed with myself. Gabriel, I was a hard-hearted old fool, I see it now. And I was very near destroying the happiness of my only remaining child; for my poor boy Arnold, your old friend and school-fellow, Gabriel, has been for years in foreign parts, and we don't know what has become of him. But now, please God, Annie at least will be happy, and you shall marry her, my lad, as soon after the day of the procession as you and she please. There's my hand on it."

There was not a happier man that evening within the precincts of Vienna than Gabriel, the gardener, although he well knew that he was attempting a most perilous enterprise, and one as likely as not to result in his death. He made all necessary arrangements in case of that event, especially in reference to the comfort of an only sister who lived with him, and whom he was careful to keep in ignorance of his intended venture. This done, he resigned himself to dream all night of tumbling from terrific heights, and all day of his approaching happiness. Meanwhile, Ottkar swallowed his chagrin as he best might, and kept aloof from Master Joss; but he might have been seen holding frequent and secret communications with Lawrence, a man who assisted the sacristan in the care of the church.

The day of the young Emperor's triumphal entry arrived. He was not expected to reach Vienna before evening; and at the appointed hour the sacristan embraced Gabriel, and, giving him the banner of the House of Austria, gorgeously embroidered, said:

"Now, my boy, up in God's name! Follow Lawrence; he'll guide you safely to the top of the spire, and afterwards assist you in coming down."

Five hundred and fifty steps to the top of the tower! Mere child's play—the young gardener flew up them with a joyous step. Then came two hundred wooden stairs over the clock-tower and belfry; then five steep ladders up the narrow pinnacle. Courage! A few more bold steps—half an hour of peril—then triumph, reward, the priest's blessing, and the joyful "Yes!" before the altar. Ah, how heavy was the banner to drag upwards—how dark the straight, stony shaft! Hold, there is the trap-door. Lawrence, and an assistant who accompanied him, pushed Gabriel through.

"That's it!" cried Lawrence; "you'll see the iron steps into the clamps to hold on by outside—only keep your head steady. When 'tis your time to come down, hail us, and we'll throw you a rope-ladder with hooks. Farewell!" As he said these words, Gabriel had passed through the trap-door, and with feet and hands clinging to the slender iron projections, felt himself hanging over a tremendous precipice, while the cold evening breeze ruffled his hair. He had still, burdened as he was with the banner, to steady himself on a part of the spire sculptured in the similitude of a rose, and then, after two or three daring steps still higher, to bestride the very pinnacle, and wave his gay gold flag.

"May God be merciful to me!" sighed the poor lad, as glancing downward on the busy streets, lying so far beneath, the whole extent of his danger flashed upon him. He felt so lonely, so utterly forsaken in that desert of the upper air, and the cruel wind strove with him, and struggled to wrest the heavy banner from his hand. "Annie, Annie, 'tis for thee!" he murmured, and the sound of that sweet name nerved him to endurance. He wound his left arm firmly round the iron bar which supported the golden star, surmounted by a crescent, that served as a weathercock, and with the right waved the flag, which flapped and rustled like the wing of some mighty bird of prey. The sky—how near it seemed—grew dark above his head, and the lights and bonfires glanced upwards from the great city below. But the cries of rejoicing came faintly on his ear, until one long-continued shout, mingled with the sound of drums and trumpets, announced the approach of Leopold.

"Huzza! huzza! long live the Emperor!" shouted Gabriel, and waved his banner proudly. But the *deepening twilight and the dizzy* height rendered him unseen and unheard by the busy crowd below.

The deep voice of the cathedral clock tolled the hour.

"Now my task is ended," said Gabriel, drawing a deep sigh of relief, and shivering in the chilly breeze. "Now I have only to get down and give the signal."

More heedfully and slowly than he had ascended, he began his descent. Only once he looked upward to the golden star and crescent, now beginning to look colorless against the dark sky.

"Ha!" said he, "doesn't it look now as if that heathenish Turk of a crescent were nodding and wishing me an evil 'good-night!' Be quiet, Mohammed!"

A few courageous steps landed him once more amid the petals of the gigantic sculptured rose, which offered the best, indeed the only place of vantage for his feet to rest on.

He rolled his banner tightly together, and shouted:

"Hollo, Lawrence—Albert! here! throw me up the ladder and the hooks."

No answer.

More loudly and shrilly did Gabriel renew the call.

Not a word, not a stir below.

"Holy Virgin! can they have forgotten me? Or have they fallen asleep?" cried the poor fellow aloud; and the sighing wind seemed to answer like a mocking demon.

"What shall I do? What will become of me?"

Now enveloped in darkness, he dared not stir one hair's breadth to the right or to the left. A painful sensation of tightness came across his chest, and his soul grew bitter within him.

"They have left me here of set purpose," he muttered, through his clenched teeth.—"The torches below will shine on my crushed body."

Then after a moment:

"No, no; the sacristan could not find it in his heart; men born of woman could not do it. They will come; they *must* come."

But when they did not come, and the pitiless darkness thickened around him, so that he could not see his hand, his death-anguish grew to the pitch of insanity.

"God!" he cried, "the Emperor will not suffer such barbarity. Noble Leopold, help! One word from you would save me."

But the cold night-wind, blowing ominously around the tower, seemed to answer:

"Here I alone am Emperor, and this is my domain."

While this was passing, two men stood conversing together at the corner of a dark street, aloof from the rejoicing crowd.

"Haven't I managed it well?" asked one.

"Yes; he'll never reach the ground alive, unless the sacristan—"

"Oh, no. The old man is too busy with his son, who came home unexpectedly an hour ago. He'll never think of that fool Gabriel, until—"

"Until 'tis too late. How did you get rid of Albert?"

"By telling him that Master Joss had undertaken to go himself, and fetch the gardener down. The trap-door is fast, and no one within call. But I think, Master Ottkar, you and I may as well keep out of the way till the fellow has dropped down, like a ripe apple from the stem."

And so the two villains took their way down a narrow street, and appeared no more that night.

Meantime, a dark shadowy fiend sat on one of the leaves of the sculptured rose, and hissed in Gabriel's ear:

"Renounce thy salvation, and I will bring thee down in safety."

"May God preserve me from such sin," cried the poor lad, shuddering.

"Or only promise to give me your Annie, and I'll save you."

"Will you hold your tongue, you wicked spirit?"

"Or just say that you'll make me a present of your first born child, and I'll bear you away as softly as if you were floating on down."

"Avaunt, Satan! I'll have nothing to do with gentlemen who wear horns and a tail!" cried Gabriel, manfully.

The clock tolled again, and the gardener, aroused by the sound and vibration, perceived that he had been asleep. Yes, he had actually slumbered, standing on that dizzy point, suspended over that fearful abyss.

"Am I really here?" he asked himself, as he awoke; "or is it all a frightful dream that I have had while lying in my bed?"

A cold shudder passed through his frame, followed by a burning heat, and he grasped the pinnacle with a convulsive tightness. A voice seemed to whisper in his ear:

"Fool! this is death, that unknown anguish which no man shall escape. Anticipate the moment, and throw thyself down."

"Must I then die?" murmured Gabriel, while the cold sweat started from his brow.—"Must I die while life is so pleasant? Oh, Annie, Annie! pray for me; the world is so beautiful and life is so sweet."

Then it seemed as if soft white wings floated above and around him, while a gentle voice whispered:

"Awake, awake! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Look up, and be comforted."

Wrapped in the banner, whose weight helped to preserve his equilibrium, Gabriel still held on with his numbed arm, and, with a sensation almost of joy, watched the first dawn lighting up the roofs of the city.

Far below, in the sacristan's dwelling, the old man sat, fondly clasping the hand of a handsome sunburnt youth, his long-lost son Arnold, who had sat by his side the livelong night, recounting the adventures which had befallen him in foreign lands, without either father or son feeling the want of sleep.

At length Arnold said:

"I am longing to see Annie, father. I daresay she has grown a fine girl. How is my friend Gabriel, who used to be so fond of her when we were all children together?"

The sacristan sprang from his seat.

"Gabriel! Holy Virgin! I had quite forgotten him."

A rapid explanation followed. Master Joss and his son hastened towards the cathedral, and met Albert on their way.

"Where is Gabriel?" cried the sacristan.

"I don't know; I have not seen him since he climbed through the trap-door."

"But who helped him down?"

"Why, you yourself, of course," replied Albert, with a look of astonishment. "Lawrence told me, when we came down, that you had undertaken to do it."

"Oh, the villains, the double-dyed scoundrels! Now I understand it all," groaned the old man. "Quick! Arnold, Albert!—Come, for the love of God; look up, look up to the spire."

Arnold rushed towards the square, and his keen eye, accustomed to look out at great distances at sea, discerned through the gray, uncertain morning twilight something fluttering on the spire.

"'Tis he! It must be he, still living."

"Oh, God!" cried Master Joss, "where are my keys? Oh, that we may not be too late."

The keys were found in the old man's pocket; and all three, rushing through the cathedral gate, darted up the stairs, the sacristan, in the dread excitement of the moment, moving as swiftly as his young companions.

Albert, knowing the trick of the trap-door, went through it first.

"Call out to him, lad," exclaimed Master Joss.

A breathless pause.

"I hear nothing stirring," said Albert, "nor can I see anything from this. I'll climb over the rose."

Bravely did he surmount the perilous projection; and after a few moments of intense anxiety, he reappeared at the trap-door.

"There certainly is a figure standing on the rose, but 'tisn't Gabriel—'tis a ghost!"

"A ghost! you dreaming dunderhead," shouted Arnold. "Let me up." And he began to climb with the agility of a cat.

Presently he called out:

"Come on, come on, as far as you can. I have him, thank God! But quick; time is precious."

Speedily and deftly they gave him aid; and at length, a half-unconscious figure, still wrapped in the banner, was brought down in safety.

They bore him into the "Adam and Eve," laid him in a warm bed, and poured by degrees a little wine down his throat. Under this treatment, he soon recovered his consciousness, and began to thank his deliverers. Suddenly his eye fell on a mirror, hanging on the wall opposite the bed, and he exclaimed:

"Wipe the hoar-frost off my hair, and that yellow dust off my cheeks!"

In truth, his curled locks were white, his rosy cheeks yellow and wrinkled, and his bright eyes dim and sunken; but neither dust nor hoar-frost was there to wipe away—that one night of horror had added forty years to his age!

In the course of that day numbers who had heard of Gabriel's adventure crowded to the inn and sought to see him, but none were admitted save the three who sat continually by his bedside—his weeping young sister, the brave Arnold, and Master Joss, the most unhappy of all; for his conscience ceased not to say, in a voice that *would* be heard; "You alone are the cause of all this." By way of a little self-comfort, the sacristan used to exclaim at intervals: "If I only had hold of that Lawrence! If I once had that Ottkar by the throat!" But both worthies kept carefully out of sight; nor were they ever again seen in the fair city of Vienna.

"Ah!" said Gabriel, towards evening, "'tis all over between me and Annie. She would shudder at the sight of an old wrinkled, gray-haired fellow like me."

No one answered. His sister hid her face on the pillow, while her bright ringlets mingled with his poor gray locks; and Arnold's handsome face grew very sad as he thought—"The poor fellow is right; there are few things that young girls dislike more than gray hairs and yellow wrinkles."

"I have one request to make of you all, dear friends," said Gabriel, painfully raising himself on his couch—"do not let Annie know a word of this. Write to her that I am dead, and she'll mind it less, I think; then I'll go into the forest, and let the wolves eat me if they will. I want to save her from pain."

"A fine way, indeed, to save Annie from pain!" cried a well-known voice, while a light figure rushed towards the bed, and clasped the poor sufferer in a close and long embrace. "My own true love! you were never more beautiful in my eyes than now. And pretend that you were dead! A likely story, while every child in Vienna is talking of nothing but my poor boy's adventure. And let yourself be eaten by wolves! No, no, Gabriel; you wouldn't treat your poor Annie so cruelly as that!"

A regular hail-storm of kisses followed; and it is said—how truly I know not—that somehow in the general *melee* Arnold's lips came into wonderfully close contact with the rosy ones of Gabriel's little sister. Certainly he was heard the next day to whisper into his friend's ear: 'A fair exchange is no robbery, my boy; I think if you take my sister, the least you can do is to give me yours."

It does not appear that any objection was made in any quarter. Love and hope proved wonderful physicians; for although Gabriel's hair to the end of his life remained as white as snow, his cheeks and eyes, ere the wedding-day arrived, had resumed their former tint and brightness. A happy man was Master Joss on the day that he gave his blessing to the two young couples—the day when Gabriel's sore-tried love found its reward in the hand of his Annie.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

When thou art far away,
Far from thine own,
Still shall thy spirit be
Never alone;
Still shall this yearning soul
Cling to thee yet;
Do not forget, dearest,
Do not forget!

Now are thy dewy lips
Pressing to mine;
Now are my trembling hands
Clasping in thine;
Now are our weeping eyes
Tearfully wet;
Do not forget, dearest,
Do not forget!

Low droops this aching head
Down on thy breast,
As an o'erwearied bird
Folded to rest.
Wild throb our beating hearts,
Thrillingly met;
Do not forget, dearest,
Do not forget!

What tho' the moments haste,
Hasten they will,
Yet shall they find us, love,
Lingering still;
Watching the moon arise,
Waiting its set;
Do not forget, dearest,
Do not forget!

One more long fervent kiss,
Ere we must part;
One more enfolding, close
Up to thy heart.
One more assurance, love,
One more regret;
Do not forget, dearest,
Do not forget!

POSING THE QUESTION.—The site of the passionate scene is the sea shore, on which they were walking in autumn.

Gentleman.—Well, Miss, the long and short of it is this: here I am; you can take me or leave me.

Lady (scratching a gutter on the sand with her parasol).—Of course I know that's all nonsense.

Gentleman.—Nonsense! By Jove, it isn't nonsense at all. Come, Jane, here I am; come, at any rate you can say something.

Lady.—Yes, I suppose I can say something.

Gentleman.—Well, which is it to be; take me or leave me?

Lady (very slowly, and with a voice perhaps hardly articulate, carrying on, at the same time, her engineering works on a wider scale.)—Well, I don't exactly want to leave you.

THE HEBREW.—The word Hebrew signifies Transfluvianus, he that cometh from the other side, namely, of the river Euphrates, and is supposed to have been given to Abraham on his arrival in Canaan. The word Palestine signifies the Land of the Emigrant. How prophetically symbolic are the names Hebrew and Palestine! They both indicate that not one man alone was to be a wandering Jew, but that every Jew was condemned to be more or less an exile and a pilgrim. Perpetually is the Israelite a man that cometh from the other side, far, far off, and every land that his foot toucheth is to him the Land of the Emigrant, where he hath no continuing place of abode. His doom is tragical; let us weep over it.—*The Critic.*

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

Upon consideration we have concluded to withhold from publication in these columns several pages of notes to "Religio Christi"—these being of an exclusively religious character, and the work having reached its proper ending last week. The following anecdote, constituting a shorter note, we subjoin as interesting to our readers, and to all persons who cherish the memory of the gifted woman it refers to. Our author says:—

"It has not been without considerable hesitation that I have concluded to give the following little anecdote. I comprehend fully that I lay myself open to an imputation of vanity on the one part for telling it: but on the other I think that that very trivial inconvenience ought not to intimidate me into withholding a fact which will certainly interest many, which may vitally influence the principles and destinies of some, which is in itself a volume on the great thesis I have been arguing, and which adds the amaranth to the laurel already on the brows of the lamented lady whose spiritual character it defines.

"Immediately after the period at which these memoirs close, I commenced acting as missionary to the poor, in one of the most populous and depraved neighborhoods in the city of London. It would scarcely be incorrect to say, that I found the entire population infidel. So much of my time was taken up in refuting skeptical objections, that after several years subjection to the difficulty, I determined to prepare a volume expressly for the occasion, and instead of arguing the case race race with each infidel I encountered, present him with a copy of the book and go on. It was a very hasty production, but certainly written off under a profound sense of the awful grandeur of the question at issue, and of the certainty that it must be determined on the Christian side.—By a mere accident of courtesy, and without the most distant expectation of its being of any value or service to her, a copy was sent by post to Miss Charlotte Bronte. Shortly afterwards I received a message from her through a mutual friend, in which my humble production was referred to in these words—'It is the only book which in some states of my mind I can bear to read, EXCEPT THE BIBLE.'

"Whilst I am not so silly as to deny that I felt and ever shall feel both proud and gratified to have furnished consolation and courage to that noble mind, as it was departing from us to go through the dark valley, I yet regard that as a very small part of the matter of gratulation. The main part of it is, that Charlotte Bronte is in Heaven.

"'Let young flowers and an evergreen tree
Spring from the spot of her rest;
But no cypress or yew let us see;—
For why should we mourn for the blest?'"

VIGOROUS HEALTH OF THE ENGLISH.—They have more constitutional energy than any other people. They think, with Henri Quatre, that manly exercises are the foundation of that elevation of mind which *gives one nature the* ascendant over another; or, with the Arabs, that the days spent in the chase are not counted in the length of life. They box, run, shoot, ride, and row, and sail from pole to pole. They eat, drink, and live jolly in the open air, putting a bar of solid sleep between day and day. They walk and ride as fast as they can, their head bent forward, as if urged on some pressing affair. The French say that Englishmen in the street always walk straight before them like mad dogs. Men and women walk with infatuation. As soon as he can handle a gun, hunting is the first art of every Englishman of condition. They are the most voracious people of prey that ever existed. Every season turns out the aristocracy into the country to shoot and fish. The more vigorous run out of the island to Europe, to America, to Asia, to Africa and Australia, to hunt with fury, by gun, by trap, by harpoon, by lasso, with dog, with horse, with elephant, or with dromedary, all the game that is in nature. These men have written the game-books of all countries—as Hawker, Scrope, Murray, Herbert, Maxwell, Cumming, and a host of travellers. The people at home are addicted to boxing, running, leaping, and rowing matches. I suppose the dogs and horses must be thanked for the fact that the men have muscles almost as tough and supple as their own. If in every efficient man there is first a fine animal, in the English race it is of the best breed—a wealthy, juicy, broad-chested creature, steeped in ale and good cheer, and a little overloaded by his flesh. Men of animal nature, rely, like animals, on their instincts. The Englishman associates well with dogs and horses. His attachment to the horse arises from the courage and address required to manage it. The horse finds out who is afraid of it, and does not disguise its opinion. Their young boiling clerks and lusty collegians like the company of horses better than the company of professors. I suppose the horses are better company for them. The horse has more uses than Buffon noted.—If you go into the streets, every driver of 'bus or dray is a bully; and if I wanted a good troop of soldiers I should recruit among the stables. Add a certain degree of refinement to the viracity of these riders, and you obtain the precise quality which makes the men and women of polite society formidable.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

ALFRED TENNYSON.—"Tennyson," the London Spectator, speaking of Woolner's bust of him, says, "has one of the grandest heads which any artist could work from. More massive and impressively handsome, the face of Tennyson is not wholly unlike that of Dante, especially in the nose and mouth. The bold aquiline nose, however, somewhat broad at the base, as is often the case with men of abstract thought, is less depressed; and the mouth, splendid in curve and swell, has more richness and full formative beauty, with little or no loss of passionate sensitiveness. The forehead, extraordinarily high, goes up in a towering dome, the eyes are full and steadfast, with a certain yearning look in them: the jaw massive and firm set, with the chin well forward; the cheeks rather deep than hollow; the head majestically thrown up from the proud neck, and crowned with a mass of curling hair, which falls and clings in profuse clusters."

THE PLEASURE OF BUSINESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—A correspondent of the *Times* writes: "A traveller who had passed with a guide safely through the Breche de Roland, in the Pyrenees, suddenly conceived the idea of clambering an adjoining peak, simply because he was told that every one who had yet attempted it had paid the forfeit of his life. The more the guide endeavored to dissuade him the more firmly he resolved to accomplish the task or perish. He had already achieved a third of the ascent of this almost perpendicular crag, overhanging a rocky gorge two thousand feet below, when, to his surprise, he heard the sound of hard breathing just behind. Looking over his shoulder, he beheld a stranger clinging by his hands and feet, and yet toiling steadily and manfully up the same fearful path. 'Ah!' exclaimed he, 'you come to share with me the glory of this undertaking?' 'Not a notion of the sort.' 'You want, then, doubtless, to enjoy the sublimity of the prospect from the top?' 'Nothing farther from my intention.' 'Are you aware that every step is at the hazard of your life?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'Then let me ask, what on earth can bring a sane man on such an errand?' 'I *have* an object.' The Englishman smiled; both set to work again, resolutely digging their nails into the granite clefts. At last, finding themselves on a plateau a few feet square, covered with ice, they halted for a few moments, when the stranger, raising his hat, respectfully observed, 'You can hardly deny, sir, that you are at every step encountering great risk, nor can you, I think, under the circumstances, fail to admit the value of my wares.' 'You have, at least, chosen,' said the Englishman, 'an extraordinary spot for disposing of them, with the clouds a thousand feet beneath us, and the thermometer much below freezing.' 'Oh! not a word about that. I've got all we want at hand—pen, ink, and paper, and you can use my shoulder for a desk. I am an agent to the Company for Insurance against Accidental Death. Before you go higher let me entreat of you to think of your family, and to fill up this form.' The Englishman smiled at the oddity of the proceeding, signed the form, gave a check for the premium, and was never heard of afterward. The agent cautiously descended, satisfied with his commission, and at having zealously discharged his duty to his employers."

LORD RAGLAN AND THE CIPHER LETTER.—The strong fortress of Pampeluna was the bulwark of the Pyrenees; but Soult, though sensible of its paramount importance, relied on its strength and resources for a protracted defence. Wellington and Fitzroy Somerset (afterwards Lord Raglan) were riding unattended through one of the mountain passes, when they were met by a muleteer, despatched by the French governor with a secret communication to Soult. Struck by the appearance of Wellington, he instantly set him down as the French marshal, who was supposed to be in the neighborhood; and, as he came up, he took a scrap of paper from his mouth and presented it to him; it was *inscribed with ciphers. "If we could unravel this, we might gain some intelligence,"* said Wellington, handing the paper to his companion. Lord Fitzroy scanned it attentively, and, detecting two or three vowels, quickly deciphered the whole; whence it was discovered that *if Pampeluna were not relieved by a certain day, the governor would be obliged to surrender.* Wellington took his measures accordingly, and the renowned stronghold fell into his hands. With this key of Spain he unlocked the gate of France.—*Memoir of Lord Raglan.*

THE EPISCOPAL MARRIAGE SERVICE.—A trifling incident (says a London paper) has caused much small talk among elderly matrons at the West End. Dr. R——, a fashionable physician, wooed and won Miss R——, the only daughter of Mr. P. R——, a rich broker.—The marriage was solemnized in a chapel belonging to the mansion of the lady's father.—When the bridal party assembled round the altar, the Dean of ——, who had been engaged to perform the ceremony, began, and continued to pronounce the words with much impressive solemnity, till the physician had to say, "with my body I thee worship," when he substituted the words, "with my body I thee honor." The dean repeated "worship," but the physician repeated "honor." Four times the dean reiterated "worship," as often the physician, in a voice which commanded awe, repeated "honor." The dignitary at last paused; a momentary red suffused his cheek; but he proceeded, and the ceremony was concluded. It is said that the rural dean will receive an admonition from the bishop for allowing physic to get the better of divinity.

CANNIBALISM AND EDUCATION.—When the inhabitants of Ningpo, China, saw the acts of benevolence which were performed by an enthusiastic but somewhat eccentric English lady, who at an advanced age and in the possession of a handsome competency, had chosen that far-away city as her sphere of usefulness, they were heard to say among themselves, "It is not true; she does not eat the children." They had evidently been taught that the school she had sought to establish was but a trap whereby she proposed to herself the means of obtaining cannibal delicacies.

A KNEE REPORT.—Colonel —— was at one time a popular practitioner in our Criminal Court. On one occasion, when he was for the prosecution, his witnesses had been subjected to a terrible cross-examination from Mr. Ingraham, who appeared for the defence. After the testimony for the State had closed, Colonel L—— said to his opponent:

"Now, Mr. Ingraham, I intend to handle your witnesses without gloves."

"*That is more than I would like to do with yours,*" responded Mr. Ingraham.

THE HEAD OF THE FISH.—A most curious fact was communicated to me the other day by one of Edinburgh's brightest ornaments, and who, like many men of true genius, has a strong natural turn for angling. A question was proposed to a party of mathematicians—"Of what shape a solid body ought to be to pass through a fluid with the least possible resistance?" By application of the strictest mathematical principles it was solved, and the form discovered coincided exactly with that of a fish's head.—*J. Cinquhoun.*

BEYOND.

We must not doubt, or fear, or dread that love for life is only given,
And that the calm and sainted dead will meet estranged and cold in heaven:—
Oh, love were poor and vain indeed, based on so harsh and stern a creed.

True that this earth must pass away, with all the starry worlds of light,
[illegible] all the glory of the day, and calmer tenderness of night,
[illegible] in that radiant home can shine only the immortal and divine.

Earth's lower things—her pride, her fame, her science, learning, wealth and power—
Slow growths that through long ages came, or fruits of some convulsive hour,
Whose very memory must decay—heaven is too pure for such as they.

They are complete: their work is done. So let them sleep in endless rest.
Love's life is only here begun, nor is, nor can be, fully blest;
It has no room to spread its wings, amid this crowd of meaner things.

Just for the very shadow thrown upon its sweetness here below,
The cross that it must bear alone, and bloody baptism of woe;
Crowned and completed through its pain, we know that it shall rise again.

So if its flame burn pure and bright, here, where our air is dark and dense,
And nothing in this world of night lives with a living so intense;
When it shall reach its home at length—how bright its light! how strong its strength!

And while the vain weak loves of earth (for such base counterfeits abound)
Shall perish with what gave them birth—their graves are green and fresh around,
No funeral song shall need to rise for the true Love that never dies.

If in my heart I now could fear that, risen again, we should not know
What was our Life of Life when here—the hearts we loved so much below;
I would arise this very day, and cast so poor a thing away.

But Love is no such soulless clod: living, perfected it shall rise
Transfigured in the light of God, and giving glory to the skies:
And that which makes this life so sweet, shall render heaven's joy complete.

A WOMAN'S LOVE,

AND A WIFE'S DUTY.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY MRS. A. OPIE.

I found De Walden still talking with Juan. They both seemed to regard me with very scrutinising as well as sympathising looks; and I still trembled so much that I was glad to accept the support of De Walden's arm. He attended me home; but we neither of us spoke during the walk. When I reached the door, I said,

"Come to me to breakfast to-morrow; for to-day I am wholly unfitted for company." He sighed, bowed, and departed; but not without assuring me that he would inquire concerning the causes of my husband's arrest, and try to get him set at liberty.

"Well," cried Juan, "I have one comfort more than I had; Count De Walden has declared that while you remain in Paris *he* will." And I also felt comforted by this assurance.

I now retired to my own room, and, throwing myself on the bed, entered upon that severe task, self-examination; and I learnt to doubt whether my expedition to France were as truly and singly the result of pure and genuine tenderness, and a sense of duty, as I had supposed it was. For what had I done? I had certainly shone in the eyes of many at the expense of my husband. I had, as he said, "humbled him in his own eyes," and I had chosen to run risks for his sake, which he could not approve, and after all might not be the better for. In such reflections as these I passed that long and miserable day; ay, and in some worse still; for I felt that Pendarves no longer loved me—that he esteemed, he respected, he admired me; but that his tenderness was gone, and gone, too, probably, forever!"

I had, however, one pleasant idea to dwell upon. Deputies, if not an ambassador, were now expected from America, and De Walden had told Juan he should claim their protection for us.

The next morning De Walden came; but his brow was clouded, his manner embarrassed, and the tone of his voice mournful.

"Have you made the inquiries which you promised?"

"I have; and they have not been answered satisfactorily. My dear friend, there are subjects which nothing but the emergencies of the case could justify me to discuss with you. Will you therefore pardon me if I say—"

"Say anything; at a moment like this it is my duty not to shrink from the truth. I guess what you mean."

He then told me the cause of my husband's arrest, which I have already mentioned; adding that the ostensible causes were so trifling, that they could probably be easily gotten over; but that the true cause, *jealousy*, was, he feared, not likely to be removed.

"But she left him," cried I, "left him as if forever, and accompanied her new lover in triumph!"

"Yes; but I fear that he will not get quit of her so soon."

My only answer to this unwelcome truth was a deep sigh; and for some minutes I was unable to speak, while De Walden anxiously walked up and down the room.

"Perhaps you would go and see Pendarves?"

"No; excuse me; an interview between me and him must be painful, and could not be beneficial. The letter I had from him to inform me of a certain mournful event was cold; and though I answered it kindly—for I thought of you when I wrote—I was convinced that the less we met again the better."

"Then what can you do?"

"I know not—I could not save my *friend*, you know."

"If money can do it, I possess the means."

"And he do I; but Robespierre is inaccessible to bribes, and so I have found his creatures. I fear that I must seek Madame Beauvais herself."

"But she probably hates you!"

"True; but she does not hate Pendarves; and if I convince her that her only chance of liberating him is by seeming to have ceased to love him, the business may be done."

"And must he owe his liberty, and perhaps his life, to her? But be it so, if he can be preserved no other way—in that case I would even be a suitor to her myself."

"That I could not bear. But oh! dear, inconsiderate friend, why did you come hither?"

"Because I thought it my duty."

"And do you still think so?"

I was silent.

"Answer me, candid and generous Helen; do you not now see that it was more your duty to stay in your own safe country, protected by respectable friends, than to come hither courting danger, and the worst of dangers, to a virtuous wife? Believe me, the passive virtue of painful but quiet *endurance* of injury was the virtue for you to practise. This quixotic daring *looked* like duty; but *was not duty*, Helen, and could only end in disappointment; for tell me, have you not found that you have thus suffered and thus dared for an ingrate?"

My *silence* answered the question.

"Enough!" resumed De Walden; "and I feel that I have been cruel; but mine has been the reproof of friendship, *wrung* from me by the indignant agony of knowing that even *I* cannot perhaps protect you from the insults which I dread. Oh! *why* did they *let* you come hither? I am *sure* your mind was not itself when you thought of it."

"You are right. The idea had taken hold of my imagination, then unnaturally raised, and come I would. But my physician approved my coming; for he thought it safer for me, and thought, if I was not indulged, that my reason, if not my life, might suffer."

This statement completely overset De Walden's self-command; he blamed himself for what he had said—accused himself of cruelty—extolled the patient sweetness with which I had heard him, and had condescended to justify myself. Then, striking his forehead, he exclaimed,

"And I, alas! am *powerless* to save a being like this! But save her, Tuoc," he added, lifting his clasped hands to Heaven.

The hour of my appointment at the prison now arrived again, and De Walden accompanied me thither. I did not see Benoit; but I was admitted directly, and my conductor, opening the door, said,

"A female citizen desires to see you."

"Indeed!" said Pendarves, in a tone of joy; but he *started*, and *looked disappointed*, when he saw me.

"Is it you, Helen?" said he.

"Did you expect it was any one else?"

"Not much," he replied, evidently disconcerted; "not much. It is only a primitive old-fashioned wife like yourself, who would follow an unworthy husband to a prison."

"And to a *scaffold*, if necessary," cried I with energy.

"Helen!" said Pendarves, in a deep but caustic tone, "spare me! spare me! This excess of goodness—"

I smiled; but I believe my smile was as *bitter* as his *accents*.

What meetings were these between persons circumstanced as we once were and were *now*! But it could not be otherwise, and all I *now* suffered I had brought upon myself. In order to change the tone of our feelings, I told him De Walden had breakfasted with me, and then asked him if he would not like to see Juan.

He said,

"Yes," but carelessly, and then added, "So, De Walden has been with you?" and fell into a mournful reverie till our uncomfortable interview was over.

I promised to send him, by Juan, all he wanted and desired, of linen, clothes, and food; for Benoit had assured me he would allow him to receive anything for the sake of *his good wife*. He thanked me, shook my hand kindly, and saw me depart, as I thought, with pleasure.

I found De Walden waiting for me with Juan. The latter, by my desire, asked for Benoit, and begged to know of him at what hour that day or evening he might be admitted to his master. Accordingly, he went, carrying with him the articles I mentioned. He was gone some time; and anxious indeed was I for his return.

"I have *seen* her," said he.

"Seen whom?"

"That vile woman."

"Was she with him?" cried I, turning very faint.

"No, no; let the good Benoit alone for that. She desired to see the citoyen, Pendarves, *her husband*; on which Benoit scornfully answered, 'One wife is enough for *any* man; I allow him to see *one* of his every day, *but no more*; so go away, and do not return again.'

"What!" exclaimed the creature, in great agitation, "is she, is Helen Pendarves in Paris?"

"Yes; *she*, the *true* she—the good wife is here; and *she* alone will Benoit admit to his prisoner. *Va-t-en te dis-je*."

"And the creature went away," added Juan, "for I saw and heard it all, giving him such a look!"

I could not help being pleased with this account; but I sent him immediately to tell De Walden what had passed, that he might lose no time in seeking La Beauvais, to prevent her going to the prison, and thereby increasing the danger of Pendarves. When Juan returned, I asked for a minute detail of all that passed between my husband and him.

"Oh! he is very wretched!" he replied; but he told me nothing concerning himself; he only walked up and down the narrow room, asking me nothing but about you, and why they let you come, and if De Walden came on purpose to guard you. In short, we talked of nothing else; and then he did so wish you back safe in your own country!"

This account gave me sincere pleasure, and made me believe that Seymour's heart was not so much alienated from me as I expected; and a weight seemed suddenly taken from my mind. The next day I went again at noon, and I found La Beauvais in dispute with Benoit. As soon as he saw me, saw that I recognized her, and that my countenance assumed the hue of death, he caught my hand, saying,

"Quick! quick! enter; fair and good! but you, go away directly!"

La Beauvais, provoked and disappointed, seized my arm.

"Madame Pendarves," she cried, "the *same interest* brings us hither; use your influence over this barbarian to procure me admittance."

"The *same* interest!" I replied, turning round, throwing her hand from my arm, and looking at her with all the scorn and abhorrence which I felt: "Madame, I do not know you."

"*It is well*," she said. "Depend on it, I shall refresh your memory; and soon, too. I will be *revenged*, though my heart bleeds for it."

She then hastened away; and I, feeling the rash folly I had committed, and fearing I had irreparably injured my husband's cause, was forced to let the kind jailor conduct me to his own apartment, in order that I might recover myself before I went to Pendarves. I found him more cheerful, and also more affectionate in his manner towards me. He had been reading a letter which he hastily put into his pocket; yet not so soon but that my quick eye discovered in the address the hand of La Beauvais. It was the renewal of intercourse, then, that had made him cheerful! But why then was he more affectionate to me? I have since resolved that question to my satisfaction.

No one likes to give up any power once possessed. Pendarves had flattered himself La Beauvais fondly loved him; and his bitter grief at her apparent desertion of him, arose from wounded pride, and the fear of having lost his power over her, more than from pining affection. But she had *written* to him; she was trying to gain admittance to his prison; his wounded vanity therefore was at rest on one point, and the sight of me was grateful because it ministered to it in another.

But I did not, could not reason then; I only felt; and what with jealousy, and what with my fears for his life, *mine*, I thought, endangered *by me*, I was ill and evidently wretched the whole time I stayed. But Seymour's manner to me was most soothing, and even tender. At that moment I could better have borne indifference from him; for I was conscious that I had weakly given way to the feelings of an injured jealous woman, and had thereby probably given the seal to his fate!

Glad was I when the jailor summoned me; for I was anxious to tell De Walden the folly which I had committed; and I saw that Seymour was hurt at the cold and hurried manner in which I bade him farewell.

When I saw De Walden, he told me that he had called in vain on *La Beauvais bitherto*; but would try again and again. On hearing what had passed between us, he became alarmed, but declared that *he* could not have forgiven me, if I had spoken or acted otherwise. That day, some of the tyrant's creatures were in our shop, and one of them desired to see the other shop-woman, declaring Alice was not pretty enough to wait on them; and that they were resolved the next time they came, to see *la belle Angloise*—But every other fear was soon swallowed up in one.

Juan heard that night in the Tuileries gardens, that the *Englishman*, Pendarves, would be brought before the tribunal *the day after the next*, and there was no doubt of his being executed with several others, *directly!!!*

The moment, the dreaded moment was now at hand, and how was it to be averted? De Walden heard this intelligence also, and came to me immediately. But all hope seemed vain, because he was to be condemned to satisfy private wishes, and not because any public wrong could be proved against him, and he left me in utter despair. But he also left me to reflect; and the result was determination to act resolutely and immediately, and to risk the event. Suffice, that I called my faithful servants into my room, reminded them of that fidelity and obedience to me which they had vowed to my poor mother on her death-bed, and told them the hour for them to prove their attachment and fulfil their vows was now arrived. This solemn adjuration was answered by as solemn assurances to obey me in whatever I required of them. I *first* required that they should keep *all* I was now going to say, and all they or I were *going* to do, profoundly secret from *De Walden*. I saw Juan recoil at this; but I was firm, and he swore himself to secrecy. I then unfolded to them my scheme, and had to encounter tears, entreaties urged on bended knee, that I would give up my rash design, and consider myself. But they might as well have talked to the winds. "I feel," said I, "by the suddenness of this proceeding, that my treatment of La Beauvais has done this, and it is my duty, at all risks to myself, to save my husband from the death to which I have hurried him." The faithful creatures were silenced, but not convinced. Still, finding they could not prevent my purpose, and that I declared I would cry *Vive le Roi*, that I might die with my husband, they prepared in mournful obedience to consult with me on the best means of accomplishing my wishes.

My plan was this; I resolved to ask permission to take a last farewell of Pendarves at night, after I had seen him in the morning, and then change clothes with him, and remain in his stead.

"And as Benoit was ill in bed this evening, when you went," said I, "there is no likelihood that he will be well to-morrow; so my plan cannot injure him. Therefore, let us be prepared to execute what I have designed, directly."

"Well, my comfort is," said Juan, "that my master will never consent to risk your life in order to save his own."

"Not willingly; but I shall *force* him to do it."

"Well! we shall see."

You may remember how I used to regret my great height, because Pendarves did not admire tall women; but now how I valued it, as it made it more easy for Pendarves to pass for me, and therefore might aid my efforts to save his life!

We agreed that Alice and Juan should be in waiting with a covered peasant's cart, at the end of the Luxemburg gardens; that then he should drive him and her to our lodging in the Champs Elysees, which we had again hired, where he was to pass for me, and still hide his face as if in great affliction. The house was kept by a deaf, stupid old woman, who was not likely to suspect any thing. And at daybreak, Pendarves, in a peasant's dress, with Alice by his side, dressed like a peasant also, with her hood over her face, was to drive on day and night when he had passed the barrier, which we hoped it would be easy to do, till some place of safe retreat offered itself on the road. And I knew that on this road was the *chateau* of a gentleman whom we had known and had done kindnesses to in England, who had contrived like some others to take no part in politics, and had retained his house and his land.

All was procured and ready as I desired; and having written down my scheme for my husband, conjuring him to grant my request, I went to the prison in the morning with a beating heart, lest Benoit should be well enough to be at his post. But he was not only unwell, he was dismissed from his office. The *bon Benoit*, as he was called, was too good for his situation.*

Seymour beheld with wonder, and no small alarm, my cheek, now flush, now pale, my tremulous voice, and my abstracted manner; and I once more saw in him that affectionate interest and anxiety so dear to my heart.

"You are ill, my beloved," said he at length.

"Beloved!" How the word thrilled through my heart! I never expected to hear it again from his lips; and the sound overcame me. "I shall be better soon," cried I, bursting into tears.

The surly jailor (oh! how unlike Benoit!) who had taken his place, now summoned me away, and I slided my letter into my husband's hands. "Read it," said I, "and know that your doom is fixed *for to-morrow*, therefore I conjure you by our past loves to grant the request which the letter contains, and if you think I have deserved kindness from you, comply with my wishes."

Seymour, who had heard nothing of his approaching fate, took the letter, and listened to me with a bewildered air; and I hastened from the prison. I had easily obtained permission to return to prison at night.

"It will be the *last time*. You will never come again," said the brutal jailor; "your husband will never come back when he goes to the tribunal to-morrow, so come and welcome!"

I spent the intervening time in writing a letter to De Walden, inclosing one to my uncle, which I begged him to forward; and I arranged every thing as if death awaited me. Nay, how could I be assured that it did *not*? But I kept all my fears to myself, and talked of hope alone, to my poor servants, who wandered about, the pictures of grief.

When De Walden called that day, I would not see him, but lay down on purpose to avoid him; for I dreaded to meet his penetrating glance.

As it was now the middle of July, days were shortening, and by eight o'clock twilight was gathering fast. My appointment was for half-past seven, and by a bribe I obtained leave from Benoit's unworthy successor to stay till half-past eight.

Then summoning all my fortitude, I entered the cell of my husband. I shall pass over the first moments of our meeting; but I shall never forget them, and I am soothed and comforted when I recollect all that escaped from that affectionate and generous, though misguided being. Suffice, that all his arguments were in vain to persuade me that he was not worthy to be saved at even the smallest risk to a life so precious as mine.

"My life precious!" cried I; "a being without any near and dear ties! with neither parent, child, nor husband, I may now say," cried I, thrown off my guard by the consciousness of a desolate heart.

"I have deserved this reproach," said Seymour; "you have indeed no husband, therefore, *why* should not I die? as, were I gone, Helen, I feel, *I know* that *you* would be no longer *desolate!*"

I understood his meaning, but did not notice it. Bitter was now the anguish which I felt; nay, so violent was my distress, and so earnest my entreaties that he would escape, as the idea that he refused me in consequence of *what I had just said*, would, if he perished, drive me, I was convinced, to complete distraction, that he at last consented to my request.

"But, take notice," said he, "that I do it with this assurance, that *if* my escape puts you in peril, I will return and suffer for, or with you; and then you shall again find that you have a husband, Helen, and our union shall be renewed in death, and cemented in our blood—I say no more. You command, and it is my duty to obey."

He then took off the *robe de chambre* which he wore in prison; and I dressed him in the loose gown I had made up for the occasion, and long enough to hide his feet; and even when he had my bonnet on, I had the satisfaction of seeing that he did not look much taller than I did. I now wrapped his robe tight round me, put all my hair under his night-cap, and with my handkerchief at my eyes awaited the jailor's summons; while Pendarves dropped the veil, and covered his face with his handkerchief as in grief. But the anxious heavings of my bosom and the mournful ones of his were only too real. Everything favored us; the wind was high, and by blowing the door to, blew out the lamp which the jailor held: therefore the only light was from a dim lamp in the passage. At the door stood the trembling Juan.

"There, take care of her; for she totters as if she was drunk," said the jailor: "I warrant you she will never come again."

In five minutes more Seymour was in the cart, and very shortly after he reached our cottage in safety, and was, *as me*, lying in my bed in the Champs Elysees. I, meanwhile, went to bed, and made no answer, but by groans, to the "good-night" and brutal consolations of the jailor, when he came to lock me up, without the smallest suspicion who I was. But when I heard myself actually locked up *for the night*, I threw myself on my knees in a transport of devout gratitude.

The next morning I rose after short and troubled rest, seating myself with my back to the door, that I might remain undiscovered as long as I could, in order to give my husband more time to get away. But I could no longer retard the awful moment; for my jailor came to summon me before the tribunal.

"I am quite ready!" said I, turning slowly round. I leave you to imagine his surprise, his indignation, his execrations, and his abuse. I forgave him, for the poor wretch feared for his place, if not for his life.

"Yes; you shall go before the tribunal," said he, seizing me with savage fury. "But no, I must first send after your rascally husband."

He then locked me in; and I saw no more of him for two hours, when I heard a great noise in the passage, down which my cell when open looked, and presently the door was unlocked by the jailor himself, who exclaimed with a malignant smile,

"Your husband is taken, and brought back! Look out, and you will see him!"

I *did* look out, I did see him, unseen by him at first, and I saw him walking up the passage with La Beauvais weeping on his arm, and one of hers thrown across his shoulder.

An involuntary exclamation escaped me; and I retreated back into the cell. I have since heard that Henriot and his guards, De Walden, and Juan, were in the passage; but I only saw my husband and La Beauvais; and leaning against the wall I hid my face in my hands, oppressed with a thousand contending and bewildering sensations.

"There!" said the vindictive jailor, ushering in Pendarves, as if he felt how painful a *tete-a-tete* between us now would be; "there, citizen! I shall shut you up with your wife, till I know what is to be done with her. But perhaps you would like the other *citoyenne* better?"

"Peace!" cried Pendarves, "and leave us *alone!*"

"Helen!" said my husband.

"Mr. Pendarves!"

"I see how it is, Helen; nor can I blame you; appearances were against me. But I must and will assure you, that that person's appearing at such a time, and her behaviour, were as unexpected as they were unwelcome."

Still I spoke not; no, not even to inquire *why* I had the misery of seeing him return; and ere I had broken this painful but only too natural silence, and had only just resumed my woman's gown, the door was again thrown open, and an officer of the National Convention came to say, that I was allowed to return to my own house for the present, till further proceedings were resolved upon.

"Take notice, sir," said Pendarves, "that this lady's only fault has been too great a regard for an unworthy husband; and that what you may deem a crime, the rest of Europe will call a virtue."

The officer smiled; and wishing my husband good night, I followed where he led.

At the gate I found De Walden, who accompanied me home, having first been assured by the officer, that I should be under *surveillance*.

"And is it thus, rash Helen, you use your best friends, and risk an existence so valuable?" cried De Walden.

"Spare me, spare me your reproaches," said I: "I am sufficiently *humbled* already."

"Not *humbled*—those only are humbled who could injure such a creature. Helen, I was in the passage at the prison, and I saw all that passed. Now then, while this recollection is fresh on your mind, let me ask you if you think yourself justified in staying here where you are now exposed to insult and to danger, for the sake of one who at a moment which would have bound another man more tenderly than ever, could so meet and so offend your eyes?"

I was still silent.

"Now then hear my proposal. I have the greatest reason to believe that I can secure an escape both for you, Alice, and myself, through the *barriere*, this very night on the road to Switzerland. There, my dear friend, I offer you a home and a parent! My mother will be your mother, my uncle your uncle; and well do I know, that could my revered Mrs. Pendarves look down on what is passing here, she would be happier to see you under the protection of my family than under any other protection on earth!"

"No, my dear friend, no; your just resentment and your wishes deceive you. My mother valued her child's fame and her child's virtue equally with her safety."

"Your fame could not suffer. I would not live even near you, Helen; I am as jealous of your fame as any mother could be; besides that *principle* would make me shun you. No, Helen; I would see you safe *in Switzerland*, and then sail for America."

"Generous man! But you shall not quit your country for my sake; besides I will *not* quit my husband in the hour of his danger. No, whatever be the fate of Pendarves, I stay to witness and perhaps to *share* it. The die is cast; so say no more."

By this time we had reached my home. Alice came to meet me.

"Oh, my poor, dear master!" said she; "but it was all his own seeking. We had passed the barrier: but he *could* go back. He declared he could not, *would* not escape till he knew you were safe; when just as I was got into the house in the Champes Elysees and he was holding the reins in his hands, the officers seized him; and he said, 'I am he whom you seek—I am quite willing to accompany you.'"

"This in some measure redeems his character with me," cried De Walden; and *I* did not feel it the less because I *said nothing;* but at length I said, "Generous Seymour! He never *told me* this. He did not make a merit of it with me."

Juan now came in, lamenting with great grief his poor master's return.

"Oh, that vile woman!" cried he; "it was at her instigation that he was to have been tried and condemned to-day; and then she repented, and came to the prison to watch for his being led out, when she saw him brought back, and then she had the audacity to hang upon him, weeping and making such a fuss! while he, poor soul, tried to shake her off, *assuring* her he forgave her, but *never wished to see her more!*"

"Did he *act* and talk thus?" cried I.

"He did indeed."

"And he came back from anxiety *for me!* Oh, my dear friend, how glad am I that I had refused your proposal before I heard this!" Sweet indeed was it to my heart to have the conduct of Pendarves thus cleared up.

That evening we learnt that Pendarves was to go before the tribunal the next day; and I was preparing to try to gain admittance to him, and to see him as he came out, when an order for my own arrest came, and an officer and his assistants *to lead me to a prison*. Juan instantly went in search of De Walden; but I was led away before his return.

On the road we met the tyrant,

"*Ah, ah, ma belle!*" cried he, "where are your green spectacles?"

I haughtily demanded my liberty; but he said I was a dangerous person—and to prison I was borne. To such a prison too! My husband's cell was a palace to mine; but I immediately concluded that they wished to make my confinement so horrible that I should be glad to leave it on any conditions.

Two days after, and while I had been, I found, forbidden to see any one, I received a letter informing me that my decree of arrest should instantly be cancelled, my husband set at liberty and sent with a safe conduct out of the frontiers, if I would promise to smile on a man who adored me, and who had power to do whatever he promised, and would perform it before he claimed one approving glance from my fine eyes.

I have kept this letter as a specimen of Jacobin love-making. It was not signed by any name, except that of my devoted servant; and I never knew from whom it came.

It told me an answer would be called for *in person* the day after the next; and anxiously did I await this interview—await in horrors unspeakable. There was, however, one comfort which I derived from this letter; *till* it was answered, I felt assured that my husband was safe. Dreadful was the morrow; more dreadful still the day after it; for hourly now did I expect the visit of the wretch. But that day and the next passed, and I saw no one but my taciturn and brutal jailor, and heard nothing but the closing of the prison doors.

The next day too I expected him still in vain; but that night I marked an unusual emotion, and, as I thought, a look of alarm in my jailor; and my wretched, scanty meals were not given me till a considerable time after the usual hour. That night, too, I and the other prisoners, I found, were locked up two hours before the customary time.

All that night I heard noises in the street of the most frightful description; and as my cell was near the front gates of the prison, I could even distinguish what the sounds were; and I heard the terrible tocsin sound to arms; I heard the report of fire-arms, I heard the shouts of the people, I heard the cry of *Liberty*, I heard "*Down with the tyrant!*" and all these mingled with execrations, shrieks, and, as I fancied, groans; while I sank upon my knees, and committed myself in humble resignation to the awful fate which might then be involving him I loved, and which might soon also reach me, and drag me from the dungeon to the scaffold!

At this moment of horrible suspense and alarm, and soon after the day had risen on this theatre of blood, my door was thrown open, not by my brutal jailor, but by De Walden and Juan! My jailor, one of the tools of despotism, had fled; the TWENTY-EIGHTH OF JULY had freed the country from the fetters of THE TYRANT; he was *then* at that moment on his way to the guillotine with his colleagues; and I, Pendarves, and hundreds else, were SAVED and FREE!

Oh! what had not my poor servants and De Walden endured during the four days of my imprisonment! Painful as that was, they feared worse evils might ensue; while Pendarves, confined with the utmost strictness, was not allowed to see even Juan!

But where was Pendarves? and why did I not see *him*, if he was indeed at liberty? De Walden looked down and replied,

"He is at liberty, *I know*; but we have heard and seen nothing of him."

By this time we had reached my home, where I was received with tears of joy by my agitated attendants. But, alas! my joy was changed into mortification and bitterness; and when my happy friends called on me to rejoice with them, I replied, in the agony of my heart,

"I *am* thankful, but I shall never *rejoice* again!" and for some minutes I laid my head on the table, and never spoke but by the deepest sighs.

"I understand you," replied De Walden "and if I can bring you any welcome intelligence, depend on it that I will."

He then hastily departed; and worn out with anxiety, want of sleep, and sorrow, I retired to my bed, and fortunately sunk into a deep and quiet slumber.

When I went down to breakfast the next day, I found De Walden waiting for me. His cheek was pale and his look dejected; but he smiled when I entered the room, and told me he brought me tidings of my husband.

"Indeed!" cried I, with eagerness.

"Yes—I have seen him. He is at a lodging on the Italian Boulevards, and *alone*."

"Alone! and does he not mean to see me—to call and—"

"How *could* he? Have you forgotten how you *last* parted—you resenting deeply his then only *seeming* delinquency; and *he* wounded by, yet *resigned* to, your evident resentment?"

"True, true; yet still—"

"No: I have had a long conversation with Pendarves—for after his late behaviour, and being convinced that he was *alone*, I had no objection to call on him—and he received me as I wished. He even was as open on every subject as I could desire; and I found him, though still persecuted by the letters of La

* An historical fact.

Beauvais, resolved never to renew any correspondence with her."

"If so, and if *sure* of himself, *why* not write to me, if he does not like to visit me? I am sure I have not proved myself *unforgiving*."

"Shall I tell you why? A feeling that does him honor; a consciousness that, fallen as he is from the high estate he once held in your esteem and that of others, he cannot presume to *require* of you, though you are his wife, a reinstatement in your love and your society; and he very properly feels that the first advance should come from you; for though, as I told him, the relaxed principles of the world allow husbands a latitude which they deny to wives; still, in the eyes of God, and in those of nicely-feeling men, the fault is in both sexes equal; and an offender like Pendarves is no longer entitled, as he was before, to the tenderness of a virtuous wife. Nay, Pendarves penitent and self-judged, agrees with me in this opinion, and is thereby raised in my estimation."

"What! does Pendarves feel and think thus?"

"Yes; therefore I will myself entreat for him entire forgiveness; but not *directly*, and as if a husband who has so grossly erred were as dear to you as one *without* error."

Here De Walden's voice failed him; but he soon after added, in a low voice, "And I trust that to have aided in bringing about your reunion will support me under the feelings which the sight of it may occasion me."

"But does Pendarves think I shall be always inexorable?"

"He cannot think so, from your oft-experienced kindness."

"Then why prolong his anxiety? Why not offer to return with him to England directly?"

"Because I think there would be an indelicacy in offering so soon to re-unite yourself to him. I would have you, though a wife, 'be wooed, and not unsought be won;' but I should not dare to give you this advice, were I not convinced that this is the feeling of Pendarves. Besides, I *also* feel that he would be less *oppressed* by your superior virtue, if he found it leavened by a little female pride and resentment."

"Well, well, I will consider the matter," said I.

The next day, and the day after, De Walden called and saw Pendarves. "He is very unhappy," said he; "though he might be the envy of all the first men in Paris. The most beautiful woman in it, who lives in the first style, is fallen in love with him; but he refuses all invitations to her house, does not answer her *billets-doux*, and rejects all her advances."

"He does not *love* her, I suppose?" I replied, masking my satisfaction in a scornful smile.

"No, Helen. He says, and I believe him, that he never really loved any one but *you*; and for La Beauvais, who persecutes him with visits as well as letters, he has a kind of aversion. Believe me, that at this moment he has all my pity, and much of my esteem; and *could* I envy the man who, having called you his, is conscious of the guilt of having left you, I trust I should soon have an opportunity of envying Pendarves."

Oh! the waywardness of the human heart! or was it only the waywardness of mine?—Now that I found my husband was anxious to return to me, I felt less anxious for the reunion; and having gained my point, I began to consider with more severity the faults which I was called upon to overlook; and though I had reclaimed my wanderer, I began to consider whether the reward was equal to the pains bestowed. And also I felt a little mortified to find De Walden so willing to effect our union, and so active in his endeavors to further it. These obliquities of feeling were, however, only temporary: and I had actually written to Pendarves, by the *advice* of De Walden, assuring him all was so much forgiven and forgotten that I was prepared to quit Paris with him, and go with him the world over—when the most dreadful intelligence reached me! Even at this hour I cannot *recall* that moment without agony. I must lay down my pen—

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Pendarves continued to resist the repeated importunities of La Beauvais to visit her; but at length she sent a friend to tell him she believed she was dying, and trusted he would not refuse to bid her farewell. Pendarves could not, dared not refuse to answer this appeal to his feelings, and he repaired to her hotel; in which, though he knew it not, she was maintained by one of the new members of the Convention, whom she had inveigled to marry her according to the laws of the republic. When he arrived, he found her scarcely indisposed; and reproaching her severely with her treachery, he told her that all her artifices were vain; that his heart had always been his wife's, though circumstances had enabled her to lure him from me; that now I had shone upon him in the moments of danger more brightly than ever, and was dearer than ever; and that he conjured her to forget a guilty man, who, though never likely perhaps to be happy again with the woman he adored, yet still preferred his present solitary but guiltless situation to all the intoxicating hours which he had passed with *her*.

La Beauvais, who really loved him, was overcome with the solemn renunciation, and fell back in a sort of hysterical affection on the couch; and while he held her hand, and was bathing her temples with essences, her husband rushed in, and exclaiming, "Villain, defend yourself!" he gave a pistol into the hand of Pendarves; then firing himself, the ball took effect: and while De Walden was waiting his return at his lodgings to give him my letter of recall and of forgiving love, he was carried thither a bleeding and a dying man! But he was conscious; and while Juan, who called by accident, remained with him, De Walden came to break the dread event to me, and bear me to the couch of the sufferer.

He was holding my letter to his heart.

"It has healed every wound there," said he, "except those by conscience made; and it shall lie there till all is over."

Silent—stunned, I threw myself beside him, and joined my cold cheek to his.

"Oh, Helen! and is it *thus* we meet? *Is this* our re-union?"

"Live! do *but* live!" cried I, in a burst of salutary tears, "and you shall find how *dearly* I love you still: and we shall be so happy—happier than ever!"

He shook his head mournfully, and said he did not deserve to live, and to be so happy; and he humbly bowed to that chastising hand which, when he had escaped punishment for *real* errors, made him fall the victim of an imaginary one.

The surgeons now came to examine the wound a second time, and confirmed their previous sentence, that the wound was mortal; on which he desired to be left alone with me, and I was able to suppress my feelings, that I might soothe his, during this overwhelming interview.

These moments are some of the dearest and most sacred in the stores of memory—but I shall not detail them: suffice, that I was able, in default of better aid, to cheer the death-bed of the beloved sufferer, and breathe over him, from the lips of agonizing tenderness, the faltering, but fervent prayer.

That duty done, my fortitude was exhausted. I saw before me, not the erring husband—the being who had blighted my youth by anxiety, and wounded all the dearest feelings of my soul; but the playfellow of my childhood—the idolized object of my youthful heart, and the husband of my virgin affections! And I was going to lose him! and he lay pale and bleeding before me! and his last, fond, lingering look of unutterable love was now about to close on me for ever!

"She has forgiven me!" he faltered out; "and oh! mayest Thou forgive my trespasses against *Thee!* Helen! it is sweet and consoling, my only love, to die here!" said he, laying his cheek upon my bosom—and he spoke no more!

* * * * * *

Alas! I could not have the sad consolation, when I recovered my recollection, to carry his body to England, to repose by those dear ones already in the grave; but I do not regret it now. Since then, the hands of piety have planted the rough soil in which he was laid; flowers bloom around his grave; and when, five years ago, I visited Paris, with my own hands I strewed his simple tomb with flowers, that spring from the now hallowed soil around.

Object of my earliest and my fondest love! never—no, never have I forgotten thee—nor can I ever forget! But, like one of the shades of Ossian, thou comest over my soul, brightly arrayed in the beams of thy loveliness; but all around thee is dark with mists and storms!

To conclude. I have only to add, that after two years of seclusion, and I may say of sorrow, and one of that dryness and desolation of the heart, when it seems as if it could love no more, that painful feeling vanished, and I became the willing bride of De Walden; that my beloved uncle lived to see me the happy mother of two children; and that my aunt gossips, advises, and quotes, as well and as constantly as usual; that, on the death of his uncle and his mother, my husband and I came to reside entirely in England; that Lord Charles Belmour, with a broken constitution and a shattered fortune, was glad at last to marry for a nurse and a dower, and took to wife a first-cousin, who had loved him for years—a woman who had sense enough to overlook his faults in his good qualities, and temper enough to bear with the former; and he grows every day more happy, more amiable, and more in love with marriage.

For myself, I own with humble thankfulness the vastness of the blessings I enjoy; and though I cannot repent that I married the husband of my own choice, I confess I have never been so truly happy as with the husband of my mother's; for, though I feel that it is often delightful to forgive a husband's errors, she, and she alone, is truly to be envied, whose husband has no errors to forgive. THE END.

RAILROAD TRAINS.—The Baltimore American contends that although the plan proposed for stopping railroad trains, by pouring oil over the rails in advance of the train looks specious, a practical trial would prove it entirely useless, if, indeed, it did not increase the difficulty of stopping a train. Pouring oil on the rails destroys the tractile power of the locomotive, and renders it unable to pull the train forward, but the difficulty in stopping a train comes from the impetus it has already received, and which pushes all the cars forward on to the locomotive, the latter, as soon as the steam is shut off, becoming the slowest coach in the train. It is evident, that until this impetus is either checked or expended, the oiling of the track can have no useful effect.—But when it is necessary to stop a train in the shortest possible time, the engineer reverses the locomotive and endeavors to force it back against the impetus of the train. Here, then, the oiling of the track would have had a bad effect; the tractile power would be lost, and the effort to reverse the engine useless.

THE OVERLAND MAIL TO CALIFORNIA.—As the Overland Mail from St. Louis to California may now be regarded as a "fixed fact," it is well that the people should be advised of the time of its departure. The mail is made up specially for California, and leaves St. Louis on Monday and Thursday mornings. To ensure their transmission by this route, letters should be endorsed "by the Overland Mail." The price of postage on singe letters is three cents—by the steamers, it is ten cents. No newspapers can be forwarded by the overland route, but letters containing printed slips, it is presumed, may be sent. All letters not expressly endorsed "by the Overland Mail," will be sent by the Isthmus.

COST OF A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT.—It is, indeed, no slight matter, this fighting one's way up to the unpaid seats of the English Parliament. Mr. Thackeray, for instance, told me that his unsuccessful contest for the comparatively small borough of Oxford, cost him over £1,000 sterling, one item of which—for the hire of "cabs and flys"—amounted to £175, or nearly $900. The county contests are, of course, much more costly. One friend of mine stood twice in succession for a county representation, losing the first and winning the second contest, and spent upon the two more than £12,000, or $60,000.—*London Correspondent of the Times.*

A GENTLEMAN in England who had been in the habit of giving a daily penny to a beggar at a turnpike-gate, was recently called to the death-bed of the mendicant to assist him in making his will. Conceive the astonishment of the gentleman when he found that the subject of his bounty had transferred to him *fifteen hundred pounds!*

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE BELLY NICARAGUAN PROJECT—CANTON SACKED AND BURNT—COTTON IMPROVING, &c.

The steamer Pacific, of the Galway and New York line, brings Liverpool dates to the 12th inst.

The corporation of Limerick had started a project for establishing a transatlantic line between France and America.

France is exempt from navigation dues for another year for cargoes of corn, flour, rye and vegetables.

The Paris Presse publishes the full correspondence which took place between the U. S. Minister to Nicaragua and the Foreign Minister of Nicaragua, touching Monsieur Belly's conventions. The former says that no arrangement with M. Belly shall be recognized or assented to in anything contrary to the just rights acquired by American citizens; and that a liberal policy, resulting from the Transit Treaty of November last, shall be constantly maintained.

The Nicaraguan Minister replies that his Government wishes only for justice and its rights, and desires to maintain friendly relations with the United States, but declares that Transit treaties are of no value, because the route was not opened at the stipulated period. M. Belly had appealed to the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty for protection, and Lord Malmesbury's letter to him tells him that the stipulations thereof will, in his own opinion, apply to his scheme, if carried out.

The Bank of Frankfort has raised its rate of discount to 5 per cent.

CHINA.—Hong Kong dates to the 25th August had been received. Affairs at Canton were satisfactory. In punishing the late outrage at Canton, General Van Straubenzie sacked and burned the place.

The troubles at Ning Po continued. Trade at Hong Kong was dull.

TURKEY.—The Cholera at Mecca is said to have killed thirty thousand persons.

A TRIESTE despatch says that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe has been instructed to express the regret of the English Government for the bombardment of Jeddah, and that England intends to indemnify the sufferers.

IT was reported that England will ask to rent the Island of Perim for a hundred years.

THE Independent, of Turin, has declared the visit of Prince Napoleon to Warsaw an event of great political importance, being, as it thinks, the prelude of an alliance between France, Russia and Piedmont, hostile to Austria.

THE London Globe discredits the report that Lord Bury goes to Canada in connection with the projected federation of the British Provinces.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 11.—The Cotton market closed steady, and the Circulars of Messrs. Clare & Sons say prices have an upward tendency.

The market for Breadstuffs is quiet and generally unchanged. Quotations are nominal.

The Provision market closed dull. Beef is dull; Pork steady; Bacon dull, and Lard quiet.

In the Produce market Sugar was quiet; Coffee firm; Tea firm.

Pearls and Pot Ashes quiet. Fish Oils have slightly declined.

LONDON MARKET, Oct. 11.—Flour quiet. Sugar buoyant. Coffee and Tea firm. Rice dull. Tallow has slightly declined.

☞ In the reign of Elizabeth, the fashion of enormous breeches was pushed to a most laughable extent. The *beaux* of that day stuffed out their breeches with rags, feathers, and other light matters, till they brought them out to an enormous size. They resembled wool-sacks, and, in a public spectacle, they were obliged to raise scaffolds for the seats of these ponderous *beaux*. *To accord with this fantastic taste*, the ladies invented large hoop farthingales.—*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.*

☞ In a certain German hymn (*Why fret or murmur, then?* the title of it,) which they often sang to the King of Prussia, or along with him, as he much loved it, are these words: "Naked I came into the world, and naked shall I go." "No," said he, "always, with vivacity," at this passage; "not quite naked, I shall have my uniform on. Let us be exact, since we are at it." After which the singing proceeded again.—*Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great.*

☞ Two Booths were recently on the stage of the Richmond, Va., theatre—one Edwin, as Richard III.; the other, Junius Brutus Wilkes, as the Earl of Richmond. When these boys' papa was alive, a young lady once said to him: "Mr. Booth, I admire your acting, but I cannot get over your nose!"—alluding to the fracture of that feature. "No wonder, Miss," he returned, "it has no bridge!"

☞ Wit, like every other power, has its boundaries. Its success depends on the aptitude of others to receive impressions; and as some bodies, indissoluble in heat, can set the furnace and crucible at defiance, so there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate or exalt.

☞ The less dignity a man has, the more he assumes; as the boot which has the most dirt upon it needs the most scraping.

☞ We may set it down as an axiom that most young ladies cannot know everybody's name, when it is utterly impossible for them to know what their own may be a twelvemonth hence.

I HAVE seen the largest seeds, tho' raised with care,
Degenerate unless the industrious hand
Did yearly cull the largest. Thus all things
By fatal doom, grow worse, and, by degrees,
Decay, forced back to their primevous state.
—*Virgil.*

☞ A musician, after having served twenty years at the French opera, went to M. de La Vrilliere, to obtain the customary pension of retirement. "That's the way with all of them," said the minister, angrily; "they hurry through their twenty years' of service, so as to snatch at their pensions."

☞ Voltaire had a perfect horror of inquisitive persons. He said to one of these *pumpers*, "Sir, I am delighted to see you, but I give you fair warning—I know nothing about what you are going to ask me."

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth—the dream—departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.
—*Stoddard.*

☞ Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half-possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it.—*Emerson.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—The Journal of Commerce (Dem.) publishes a list of the names of the members elect of the next Congress, followed by a recapitulation by figures. In this table, the Journal includes the Anti-Lecompton Democrats with the regular Administration Democrats:

	Next Congress.		Old Congress.	
	Dem.	*Opp.*	*Dem.*	*Opp.*
Missouri	7	—	6	1
Arkansas	2	—	2	—
Vermont	—	3	—	3
Maine	—	6	—	5
Florida	1	—	1	—
South Carolina	6	—	6	—
Pennsylvania	5	20	15	10
Ohio	6	15	9	12
Indiana	4	7	6	5
	31	51	45	37

Showing a Democratic loss of 14 members. The 23 States not included in this table are represented in the present Congress by 89 Democrats and 65 Opposition men, including "South Americans." Should they return members of the same politics to the new Congress, the aggregate would stand as follows:

	Dem.	*Opp.*
Already elected	31	51
To be elected	89	65
	120	116

Showing a Democratic majority of four members. Of the Democrats, six or eight are Anti-Lecompton. But on all questions where Anti-Lecomptonism will show itself, the Journal says they will be check-mated by the South Americans, who on such questions will vote with the Democrats. It is evident, however, that there is to be a spirited contest for the ascendancy; and it may be that several put down as Anti-Lecompton Democrats—such as Hickman, of Pa., for instance, will vote as a general thing with the Opposition. New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Delaware vote next month.

IOWA ELECTION.—The "Hawkeye" has returns from all the counties in the First Congressional District, except three, which cannot change the result. By them, Mr. Curtis, Republican, has 500 majority. In the Second District, Mr. Vandever, Republican, has 2,000 majority. The Republican State ticket has been elected by an increased majority—the Dubuque Times says 5,000.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The official vote for Judge of the Supreme Court, and Canal Commissioner, may be summed us as follows:

Supreme Judge.		*Canal Commissioner.*	
Read	198,119	Fraser	196,620
Porter	171,096	Frost	171,336
Read's majority	27,023	Fraser's majority	25,284

In 1857 the vote of the State was:

Packer	188,887
Wilmot	146,136
Hazlehurst	28,132
	363,155
Vote in 1858	369,215
Increase in 1858	6,018

The total vote of the State, at the Presidential election, in 1856, was 460,584, or 97,429 greater than the vote of 1857 for Governor.

The Senate of Pennsylvania, at its next session, will stand seventeen Democrats to sixteen Opposition. The House, thirty-two Democrats, two Anti-Lecompton Democrats, and sixty-six Opposition members.

OHIO.—The Republican majority in this State is somewhere about 20,000.

INDIANA.—The majority for the Democratic State ticket is about 2,500. The Opposition have a small majority in the Legislature.

VICE PRESIDENT BRECKENRIDGE.—St. Louis, Oct. 22.—The Democratic Central Committee of Illinois this morning received a letter from Vice President Breckenridge, urging the re-election of Judge Douglas to the United States Senate. He says he cannot endorse the course of Senator Douglas, during the late session of Congress, upon the Kansas question; but that question having since been practically settled, and Douglas being the leader of the Democracy of Illinois in the present fight against "Black Republicanism," he sympathises with him, and desires his success.

INVEIGLEMENT OF A YOUNG LADY INTO A HOUSE OF ILL-FAME.—The New York correspondent of the Atlas and Bee, narrates the following singular case of the inveiglement of a young lady into a house of ill-fame in that city: the particulars of which have not before appeared in print:

The young lady, most respectably connected, was on the street on a pleasant afternoon, unattended, upon a shopping expedition, when she was accosted by a well-dressed lady, who stated she had been seized by sudden illness, and begged to be assisted to her home, which was but a short distance. Her air and manner were apparently so sincere, that, not doubting but she was rendering the woman a kindness, the young lady at once acceded to her request, and accompanied her to a house in the vicinity of Mercer street. No sooner, however, had she entered the door, than she was seized by two men, gagged, her wrists bound, and taken up three flights of stairs into a room apparently well furnished. Here she was kept a close prisoner until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, or a little more than twenty-four hours. Without going into the details of this imprisonment, suffice to say that every device of force and persuasion was put in requisition to induce her to accede to the wishes of the villains who made her prisoner, but without success. Force was made use of to make her drink, but she stoutly resisted, inflicting some severe wounds with her teeth upon her inhuman adversaries. Offers of money were at various times made, which she indignantly spurned.

During all this time she watched for an opportunity to escape. None, however, presented itself until late in the afternoon of the next day, when she was for a few moments left alone, though, as was supposed by her keepers, securely fastened. Reduced to desperation, she actually gnawed in two the cord which bound her wrists, seized her bonnet, and finding the door of the room unfastened, rushed out of the house, and made the best of her way, more dead than alive, to her own home. On her way she met one of the villains by whom she had been imprisoned, but in the open street he dared not molest her. Her friends, alarmed at her absence, received her joyfully, and to them she related her thrilling adventure, at the same time stating she had tasted no food during the past twenty-four hours. On administering some nourishment to her, she in a short time became delirious, and in that condition re-enacted her own part in the drama in which she had so recently been an actor, and out of which her virtue had come scatheless.

AMOUNT OF OVERPLUS OF COIN.—A New York paper says:—"Great dissatisfaction is expressed at the accumulation in all retail establishments, of quantities of silver coin. The banks will not take it on deposit; it cannot be sold in large quantities, except at a heavy discount. The war with China, which has stopped the export thither, and to some extent the depreciation of the coin here, have led to this state of things."

This is rather a singular state of things, and marks an era in the country when coin would seem to be of less absolute value than its representative.

GOVERNOR PACKER has appointed Hon. Gaylord Church, of Crawford, to be a Judge of the Supreme Court, vice Hon. William A. Porter, resigned.

NEWS ITEMS.

HOOPS PROSCRIBED.—At a camp meeting of the United Brethren Church, recently held near West Baltimore, Montgomery county, Ohio, Bishop Russel forbade any one with hoops on to partake of the sacrament, affirming that they would not be welcome at the table of the Lord!

WHAT the "dickens" has got into the matrimonial menages of English authors of late? Ruskin is divorced from his wife. Lewes has left his. Lytton wishes to confine his spouse in a mad-house. Thackeray's is insane. Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Norton's domestic infelicities are public history. Landor fled from his wife, and now, flying from another man's, returns, in his old age, to the shelter of his own unsongenial roof at Fiesole.

ILL-TIMED.—The serious and the comic are sometimes grotesquely intermixed. An instance occurred on Thursday last at the great meeting for prayer in the North Church. Dr. De Witt, who presided, in the course of the exercises said that he "had received two letters from *Episcopal*"—at which point some stupid brother shouted out, "Amen." "What did you say, sir?" inquired the doctor. The silence which ensued enabled him to finish his sentence and state that he had received letters from two Episcopal clergymen, expressing regret that they could not be present.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A CINCINNATI paper notices the last solitary banquet of a "last man's" club in that city. In the cholera season of 1832, seven gentlemen agreed to meet annually and dine once together as long as they lived, a bottle of wine to be sealed and drunk in memorium, by the last survivor. The first reunion was held on the 6th of October, 1832, and on the 6th of October, 1858, Dr. Vattier, sole survivor of the seven, drank from the bottle and pledged the six dead friends whose empty chairs and empty plates were his only society at the last melancholy feast.

JAMES BOON, aged eighty-five years, an inmate of the poor-house at Kingston, Lenoir county, North Carolina, with his family, consisting of a wife and three children, it is said, has inherited a handsome estate amounting to $150,000, and no mistake.

HELENE BOZZARIS, for some years one of the maids of honor of the Queen of Greece, and so conspicuous for her extraordinary beauty as to become one of the most attractive lions at Athens, and to cause a just sensation among the English tourists visiting the city of Minerva, is the daughter of the Suliote hero, Marco Bozzaris, whose name is so familiar through Halleck's noble poem. She is now married, says the New York Evening Post, to a Frenchman, (formerly a member of the corps of the gallant Philhellenes, at present in the Greek army, and head of the military academy at the Piræus,) and has become the mother of a blooming family.

EFFECTS OF COMETS—LOOK OUT.—Forty years ago the people of London beheld a great comet. An article appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, a London periodical, on the supposed influence of that comet. The following were the influences summed up by the writer:—"Wasps were few, flies became blind and disappeared early; many women brought forth twins, and the wife of a shoemaker at Whitfield had four children at a birth."

WIFE HE KILLED HER.—Michael Eik, who murdered his wife in Cincinnati a few days ago, by plunging a knife into her bosom, gave as a reason for the bloody deed that she had the phthisic, and had kept him awake all night by her hard breathing. He would, he said, kill anybody who disturbed his rest. Michael must be blessed with an exceedingly sweet and amiable disposition.

A MR. SUTDAM, a detective of New York, at Toronto, Canada, while looking out, lately, for an escaped murderer, and under disguise to effect his capture, was amusingly arrested by the police, as a suspicious character, and faithfully held on to, until he produced documents corroborating his account that he was a detective.

THE most valuable span of horses in the United States are said to be owned by Commodore Vanderbilt, of New York. They are matched horses. They cost him $6,000, and he has been offered $9,000 for them.

ON the 20th, the new U. S. steam sloop-of war Lancaster, just built at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, was launched into the Delaware, in presence of an immense concourse of spectators. She was christened by the niece of President Buchanan, Miss Harriet Lane.

REVIEWED PRISONERS.—The prisoners in jail at Bangor, Me., are very select in their society.—Last Saturday week a low fellow named Webster was sent to jail for lack of a fine of $2,04, and the prisoners, disliking his society, clubbed together and paid the fine by selling wooden meat skewers of their own make, and so got rid of him.

A WEALTHY HALF-BREED.—Antoine Le Claire, a half-breed, living at Davenport, Iowa, is said to be the richest man in that State.

SUDDEN CHANGES.—Mr. Geo. W. Constable, one of the Salt Lake mail conductors, says that when he left Salt Lake City, on the 4th of last month, the heat was oppressive; but when he got three days out of the city it snowed, and the fourth day the ground was frozen and ice plenty. Three days later he went through snow nearly a foot deep, and when he got over on the North Platte, the mosquitoes attacked him in swarms, and nearly devoured him. This was experiencing sudden changes and the four seasons in rapid succession.

A MATRIMONIAL broker in New York has recently retired from business with a handsome fortune.

LIBERIAN FRUIT.—The Richmond (Va.) Dispatch has recently seen several specimens of fruit from Liberia. Among them were lemons, varying from 9 to 12 ounces in weight; oranges larger than the ordinary cantelope, and citron of the most delicious odor.

QUITE A STAPLE.—Two hundred thousand pounds of women's hair are annually sold in France, and the price paid for it is usually six cents an ounce.

A NEW ANCHOR.—The vessels of the Paraguay expedition are furnished with a novel affair in a new kind of sea anchor. It is about fifteen feet long, and is constructed something like the leaf of an umbrella, braced with wood, and made of canvas; the centre is iron, and by throwing this machine overboard in a heavy sea the ship would be instantly bove to, were the water ever so deep.—*Boston Traveller.*

THE Anglo-Indian Magazine publishes an interesting article entitled the "Last Hours of Sir Henry Lawrence." Immediately before death, he partook of the Communion, and gave directions concerning his burial. He said, "Let there be no fuss about me. Let me be buried with the men. No nonsense—here lies Henry Lawrence, who lived to do his duty." All this in disjointed sentences, speaking as it were to himself, and then turning to the chaplain, "I should like a text of Scripture. 'To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have offended against Him.' Is it not from Daniel? It was on my dear wife's tomb."

THE COOK LEGACY.—The great Cook legacy has been actually received in Brandon, Vt., and $80,000 has been paid to the heirs in that town and vicinity.

TRAVELLING NEGROES.—The Supreme Court of Michigan has decided that the proprietors of a steamboat are not obliged to give a colored person a cabin passage, if such be the regulations of the boats. The inference from the judge's opinion is, that the captain has no right to refuse a negro passage generally—on deck.

THE prize fight between Heenan and Morrissey, which has greatly excited the sporting gentry of the country, came off on the 20th, at Long Point, Canada, and resulted in the triumph of Morrissey, after a short but terrific battle of eleven rounds.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market during the entire week has been exceedingly dull, and prices have fallen off fully 37½ ₱ bbl. Supplies have been coming forward freely, and with unfavorable advices from abroad, a limited export and home consumption inquiry, and increased stocks, there is evidently more anxiety on the part of holders to realize. The sales for shipment reach 4000 bbls at $5,25@5,37½ ₱ bbl for standard and good brands, closing with free sellers at $5,12½@5,25; $5,62½@5,75 for extra, and $5,87½@6,25 for extra family and fancy. The sales to the home trade have limited within this range for common and brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are Small sales of the former at $4,37½ ₱ b 400 do of the latter, Pennsylvania, at Buckwheat Meal is selling in lots at $3 ₱ 10

GRAIN—Wheat has met a very limited inq and prices have fallen off 3@5c ₱ bus on reds, and 5@8c on whites. Sales of 18,000 bushels, in lots, at $1,18@1,26 ₱ bus for fair to prime red, and $1,28@1,36 for white, closing at $1,23@1,25 for good red, and $1,30@1,33 for good and prime white. 2000 bushels Rye sold at 75@80c for new, 80c for new and old mixed, and 83c for old. Corn has been arriving more freely, and has declined 2c ₱ bus. Sales of 17,000 bushels old yellow at 84@85c, in store, and 85@87c afloat, closing at our lowest figures, including one cargo on the Schuylkill at 86; 2000 bushels fair Pennsylvania yellow at 80c, afloat; 1100 bushels old and new mixed at 77c, and 1000 bushels new at 70c. Oats have also declined 1c ₱ bus. About 15,000 bushels have been disposed of at 44½@42½c for new Southern, and 44@46 for Pennsylvania, closing dull at our lowest figure.

PROVISIONS—There has been only a small trade doing, but with continued light receipts and small stocks there has been no variation in prices. Small sales of Mess Pork at $17@17,50; 800 bbls and half bbls do for California on secret terms, and Prime at $15 ₱ bbl. The sales of City Packed Mess Beef have been only in a small way for ship stores, at our quotations. Bacon is in rather better request, and the stock is now reduced to a very low figure. Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 10½@12½c; Sides at 8c—new held higher, and Shoulders at 7c ₱ lb, 60 days. Green Salted Meats come forward slowly, and there is but little stock here. Sales of Hams at 8c; Sides at 7½@8c, and Shoulders at 6½@6½c. A sale of 20 casks summer cured salt Sides at 8c. Lard has met a very limited inquiry at the decline noticed last week. Small sales of bbls at 11@11½c, and kegs at 12c ₱ lb. Butter continues to meet a steady inquiry, but without change in prices.—Sales of solid packed, in kegs and bbls, at 12@14c, and roll from 14 to 18c, according to quality.—Sales of New York at 18@22c. Cheese ranges from 8½ to 9½c.

COTTON—The market has been in a very unsettled and unsatisfactory condition, the receipts being liberal, the stock accumulating, and the accounts from abroad unfavorable. Prices have ruled irregularly and are lower, but at the close there was a more confident and firmer feeling. Only about 650 bales have been disposed of at 11½ cts ₱ lb for inferior, up to 13½c, cash, for middling fair Uplands, and 11¾@13½c for New Orleans, including some damaged, by auction, at 12½c, and samples on terms kept private.

BARK has been coming forward more freely, but the demand is limited. Sales of 80 hhds No 1 Quercitron, part at $31 ₱ ton, and part at something less. In Tanners' Bark limited sales are making at former rates.

BEESWAX has been scarce, and all the good Yellow that could be had has been taken at 33c ₱ lb, cash, which is an advance.

COAL—Prices have undergone no change. There has been a little more activity, the demand having increased both from the Eastward and for the supply of the local trade. The aggregate business, however, is far behind that of the same period last year. The period for closing canal navigation is approaching, and the supplies by railroad have somewhat increased.

COFFEE—The market continues very firm, notwithstanding the stock has been increased by the arrivals of two invoices of Rio, and one of Laguayra, comprising 5833 bags. There has been a good inquiry, and about 4600 bags of Rio have been disposed of at 10½@11¾c ₱ lb for fair and good quality; 10c for inferior and damaged; 2901 bags do by auction at 9½@12½c—averaging $10,77, 30, 60 days, and 4 mos, and 200 bags Laguayra, by private contract, at 12c, on time.

FEATHERS—The market continues nearly bare of good Western, and if here they would command 55c.

FRUIT—In Domestic Fruit we notice further sales of Dried Apples at 7½@7¾c; Peaches, in lots, at 10@12½c for unpared, and 15@17c ₱ lb, cash, for pared Southern. Cranberries are beginning to come forward, and sell at $12@13,50 ₱ bbl. Green Apples command $2,50@5.

HEMP has been extremely quiet, and without transactions.

HIDES are unchanged. An import of 4405 Laguayra has arrived, and partly been disposed of on terms kept secret.

HOPS continue very dull. The sales have been only in small lots, from 15 to 18c for new Eastern and Western, and 4 to 10c for old, according to quality.

IRON—The market has been a little firmer, but the demand for Pig Metal has been quite limited. Small sales of No 1 Anthracite at $21 ₱ ton, and 1500 tons No 2 at $19@20 ₱ ton, cash. Prices of Scotch Pig continue entirely nominal. In Bar and Boiler Iron the sales continue limited, but without change in prices. A lot of Charcoal Blooms brought $65, 6 mos. A contract for 6000 tons Iron Pipe was made a week or two ago for another market, on terms not made public.

LEAD is held with much firmness, and the stock is light, but no further sales of Galena have transpired. 523 pigs Virginia sold at 5½c ₱ lb, equal to cash.

LUMBER—All descriptions continue exceedingly dull, and the sales have been unimportant.

MOLASSES—The market continues extremely quiet, but without change in prices. Small sales of Cuba Muscovado at 30@31c—the latter rate for Trinidad; 200 hhds English Island at 28c; and some old crop New Orleans at about 36c, on time.

SEEDS—There has been less demand for Clover-seed, and with liberal receipts prices have declined. Sales of 2000 bushels good and prime new at $5,75@6, closing at the lowest figure; and some old at $5,25 ₱ bus. 300 bushels prime Timothy brought $2,12½ ₱ bus, at which figure it is wanted. Flaxseed is lower; we quote at $1,68 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are in limited request. N. E. Rum commands 36@37c. Whiskey has declined 1c ₱ gal. Sales 3000 barrels Pennsylvania and Ohio at 22@22½c, closing at the latter rate; hhds at 21½@22c, and drudge at 21@21½c.

SUGAR—Supplies have been coming forward rather more freely, and with a limited inquiry both from the trade and the refiners, the markets at the close was rather feeble. Sales of 300 hhds Cuba at 7@7½c, on time; 1200 boxes Havana at 7¼@9c, and small lots of Porto Rico at 8c.

TALLOW is unchanged. Sales of City Rendered at 10@10½c, and Country at 9½c ₱ lb, cash.

TOBACCO—Prices continue firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, but there is very little doing.

WOOL—There is a fair demand for the supply both of the local and Eastern manufacturers, and prices are steadily tending upwards. Of the lower grades the market has been nearly cleared. Sales of 300,000 pounds, chiefly to go out of the market, ranging from 35 to 55c ₱ lb, cash, the latter for full blood and fine.

☞ A little friend of ours, six years a resident in this matter-of-fact world, was the other evening looking at the twilight sky, wherein the stars were fast overcoming the daylight.—Suddenly she discovered a constellation brightening gloriously out of the blue, and exclaimed with delight—"Oh, mother, mother, see, see! *God is making a bouquet of stars!*"—*Portland Transcript.*

☞ There is an instinct in the heart of man which makes him fear a cloudless happiness. It seems to him that he owes to misfortune a tithe of his life, and that which he does not pay bears interest, is amassed, and largely swells a debt which, sooner or later, he must acquit.—*Alphonse Karr.*

THE BLACK CAT.

[Translated from the *Paris Gazette des Tribunaux*, for the instruction and benefit of note-shavers, money-lenders, usurers, brokers, &c.]

In the village of Carnot, in the neighborhood of Lorient, there lived, a few years ago, a poor widow by the name of Roperch. She cultivated a small farm, for which she paid a yearly rent of 225 francs, and the proceeds of which afforded her a scanty living. At that time she was in want of 10 francs, and borrowed them and repaid them punctually. Some weeks later she borrowed 60 francs, in order to purchase a cow. When those 60 francs became due she found it out of her power to repay them out of her earnings, and borrowed the money of somebody else, who charged her a very high rate of interest. The heavy obligation which she incurred by this transaction did not trouble her mind much; she took it easy, having discovered that in order to get along, and perpetuate this situation, it was sufficient to borrow larger and larger sums, and to repay capital and interest by the proceeds of new loans. She took this course with a will, and continued in it for ten years with uncommon success.

Her very neighbors, who had been her first lenders, commenced soon to build up a strange reputation for her. As they always and regularly received back the sums they had lent her, with big interest, they offered new loans on their own accord, and spread the report that the widow Roperch borrowed of everybody, never refused an offer of money, settled promptly, and paid large interest. It did not take long before the widow Roperch was spared the necessity of making a step across the threshold, in order to obtain money; the accommodators flocked in spontaneously, uncalled for, and brought sums which grew larger and larger.—At that time, the interest charged was 5 per cent. a month; at a later period, lenders took as much as 10 per cent. a month.

Now, you ask, how could this poor woman inspire her numerous clients with any confidence? It is really hard to tell. A part of them seem to have been seduced by a ridiculous superstition. They believed that the woman was in possession of the *black cat*. The common people in France believe that the black cat is the money-devil, and a full cousin of the supreme devil himself, and that he who owns it can command as much money as he pleases, and has it in his power to make his friends as rich as he wishes them to be. So the few words, "She has the black cat," were a sufficient explanation of the loans she made, and the interest she paid, and quieted every misgiving. It appears that the widow carefully nursed this stupid credulity. It is true that her cat was *white* and not *black*—but on the other hand, when interrogated, she never denied its magic powers, and did not object to being called "the black cat" herself. Whenever she received a loan, she made it a point to pay always a month's interest in advance, at the rate of from 60 to 120 per cent. a year; but she always took care to take this interest-money out of a particular bag, which lay invariably under the cover at the foot of her bed, and this manœuvre, of course, confirmed the belief that she drew money from a secret source.

Other lenders, strong-minded free-thinkers, who had no faith in the black cat story, believed firmly that the widow was connected with a powerful company, or that the money borrowed by her went to the Government, and was used in the public works. The widow never contradicted these reports; she even spoke several times of "her partners," but, on being asked, what line of business she was engaged in, she constantly answered, "that is my secret."

The excitement of the lenders was kept a-going, principally by the interest; it was natural for them not to insist upon the discovery of the secret of a borrower, who paid the interest in advance at the rate of 5 and 10 per cent. a month, and who always repaid the principal on call. Fortunes accumulated rapidly in Carnot; day laborers became capitalists, vegetable venders bought country seats. Money rushed upon the widow from all sides. However, she did not use it to improve her way of living, or her outside appearance; she continued to work her little farm, and went to market, as she always did before, to sell her milk and butter.—There in the market many offers of money were made to her; many lenders would place in her hands or in her basket, considerable sums, without even stipulating any terms, and even without telling her their names. A confectioner handed her 4,000 francs; others gave her even as much as 16,000 francs in one sum. The giving of a receipt was always out of the question, as the widow could neither read nor write. She always paid upon her simple promise.

Greed at last knew no limits. One lender stated that in consequence of these loans he already enjoyed an income of 500 francs, but that he would not be satisfied, until he could raise it to 24,000 francs a year.

During ten years these operations continued without interruption. But in 1857, the restitution of the small sum of 400 francs being asked from her, she could not pay it, and in the despair of the embarrassment rose from her chair and attempted to jump into the well.—The bystanders prevented her, succeeded in quieting her mind, and no suit being commenced on this occurrence, her credit with the lenders was soon repaired. The rumor spread that the officers of justice protected the black cat, and new loans were effected. But at last the bubble burst. She had again to repudiate some payments, was tried in the civil and criminal courts, and convicted.

Though a very conceivable feeling of shame prevented many leaders from filing their claims, the number of the victims who presented themselves was quite large, and the deficit proved amounted to 90,000 francs. Then a violent exasperation seized the greedy lenders, who saw their usurious hopes destroyed. Even before her arrest, the widow had to call upon the gendarmerie for protection against a furious mob, who threatened her life. Her garden was ravaged and dug up to the depth of several feet in order to find the hidden treasure, but in vain; and even now, after the trial is over, it is neither proved nor probable that the widow has made a single sou by her operations. The trial of this affair before the Court of Lorient lasted thirteen days. The Widow Roperch has been sentenced to five years imprisonment.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN IN A COAL-PIT.—The *Epoca* contains an account of the Queen of Spain having visited the coal-mines in the neighborhood of San Juan. Her Majesty expressed a desire to descend into the principal pit, which is upwards of three hundred and fifty feet deep, and to go further in the pit than any one had ever been. The President of the Council and General Lemery went down to receive the Queen, and her Majesty afterwards descended. When the Queen got to the bottom, she cried to her suite that they might follow her without fear. The Queen then went along the principal gallery of the pit, which goes on an incline upwards of three hundred yards—a great part of this under the sea. Arrived at the very extremity, the Queen formed her initials on a large block of coal, by means of drops from a tallow candle. The Director declared that no female had ever had the courage to go so far, and he requested and obtained permission to place a commemorative stone on the spot.

THE BALLOON RACE.—PROFESSOR STEINER THE VICTOR.—CLEVELAND, Oct. 19.—Professor Godard, the balloonist, came down last night about half-past ten o'clock, fifteen miles from Sandusky. His competitor, Professor Steiner, descended about eleven o'clock, at a point within a mile of Sandusky, having been successful both in going further and remaining up longer than his rival.

AN EMBARRASSED FATHER.—The following true incident will show the dangers to which young children are sometimes exposed in the public squares of our cities. A gentleman on Saturday afternoon was taking his little boy—an only child, about six months old—on an airing in Madison Park, New York, when suddenly a well-dressed woman, an entire stranger to him, rushed frantically after him, and with screams and violent gestures, demanded *her* child. The astonished father, of course, pushed her aside, and told her to clear off, upon which she persisted, attempting to lay hands on the baby, and drawing with her screams a large crowd to witness the contest. Of course the crowd, with their usual humanity, sympathized with the bereaved woman, until the unfortunate "parient" was compelled to call a policeman, who took his tormentor away.

It seemed a little strange that when there are so many unclaimed babies, she should be so anxious to seize an only child, the sole object of parental affection. The probability is, however, that the vixen, who was a good-looking Frenchwoman, of about thirty or thirty-five, had lost a baby, and seeing a handsome boy, had mistaken him for the one she was seeking. From the pertinacity with which she insisted on her claim, it is also probable that she would have succeeded in running off with the baby, had it not been protected by the strong arm of its father, and had its only guardian been, as is often the case, a servant maid or nurse of fifteen or twenty years.

THE CABLE.—The *London Daily News* has a hopeful editorial article on the Atlantic cable, and thinks it may yet be rendered available. It says that Professor Thompson has nearly succeeded in neutralizing the effects of earth currents, which become perplexing when the currents through the cable are so weak. Professor Hughes has so modified his printing apparatus that a current of voltaic electricity generated by a small iron wire, being held in one hand, moistened with water, while a copper wire of equal size is held in the other, the two wires being united to form a circuit, is sufficient in intensity to make his machine print an intelligible message. So sensitive is the new instrument that it will print correctly though a circuit is diminished still more in intensity by passing through the bodies of four individuals. With the combined improvements and inventions of Professors Thompson and Hughes and Mr. Henley, we are not without hope that, as soon as their instruments can be conveyed across the Atlantic, electric communication will be once more restored.

☞ When a man is always sneering at and saying derogatory things of woman, it is a sure sign that he has always associated with the most degraded of the sex.

☞ "Have guns got legs?" asked little Jimmy of his father the other day. "No, my son." "How do they kick, then?" "With their breeches, my son!"

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	113	—
" " '68	113	—
" 5 " coupon '74	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	101	—
" " new	105	—
" 5 "	84	86
Pittsb'g pr ct	65	—
" 6 " coupon	—	—
Allegh City 6 pr ct	54	—
" County "		
" R R issue	81	82½
" County 5 pr ct		
" Penn RR issue	82	—
Penn. 6 pr ct	92½	93
" 5 " coupon '58	90	—
" 5 " '61	91	—
Penn 6 pr ct	91½	92½
" 5 " coupon '70	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104½	—
Missouri 6 "	87½	—
Ohio 6 " 1860	103	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	95	—
Virginia 6 "	93½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	89	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	90	—
N Y City 6 pr ct	110	—
" " 5 "	99	—
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	138	—
Philadelphia	—	120
Far & Mec	58½	60
Commercial	50	—
N Liberty	69	70
Mechanics	28½	29
Southwark	75	—
Penn'sylv'a	34	36
Kensington	64½	—
Girard	11½	12½
Western	67½	70
Man & Mech	27	27½
Commerce	65	66
Tradesman's	60	—
City	97½	—
Consolidation	25½	—
Commonwealth	21½	22
Corn Exchange	21½	22
Germantown	57½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	58
Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky Ky.	117	118
Northern "	119	120½
Louisville "	109	110
Farmers "	120	123
Union, Nash, Tenn	99	99½
Planters "	105	110
N O Gas Light	124	—
Com & R R Bank		
Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas		
Light Co	23	—
Lehigh Zinc	6	7½
New Creek	4	—
New Grenada	4	—
N America Ins'ance Co	13½	14
N Liberties Gas	29	—
Southwark & Frankford RR	53½	60
Bonds	90	—

RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	102	—
2nd " "	90½	91
stock		
Interest off	43½	43½
Cam & Amboy 6		
pr ct bonds 1864	89½	90
stock	118½	120
Reading R R 6		
pr ct bonds '70	81½	—
mort 6's '44	91½	92
" " '80	72½	73½
stock	25½	25½
Lehigh Valley R R		
mort 6 pr ct	89½	90
stock	33	33½
Phila, Wil & Balt		
stock	32½	—
6 pr ct loan '60	101½	—
Clear Val R R 7's	76	80
Tioga R R	75	80
Will'ms & Elmira		
7's 1st mort	71	75
2d "	60½	60
stock	13	104
Catawissa	61	61½
Beaver Meadow		
stock	56	55½
preferred 10 pr ct	32	—
North Penna R R		
stock	9	10
6 pr ct loan	60	60½
Phil Ger & Nor R R		
stock	54½	55
6 pr ct loan	96	—
Minehill R R 5 pr		
ct loan	60	60½
Har and Lan R R		
stock	56½	57½
bonds '83	94	95
L. Schuylkil R R		
stock	25	25
Long Island R R		
stock	11½	12
bonds	79½	—
Erie R R stock	15½	—
Hudson River R R	20	—
N Y Central "	84	—
Michigan Central	54½	—
Illinois "	82½	—
Michigan Southern	24	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct		
loan '82	62½	69
imp. 6 pr ct	69½	70
stock	9	9½
preferred	17½	17½
Lehigh Nav stock	51	51½
mort 6 pr ct	95	95½
scrip	30½	31
Morris Canal'd	44	44½
preferred	106	110
Ches & Del	55½	45
bonds	78	73
Union	3	4
bonds	80	87
Sus & Tidewater	—	—
bonds 1878	—	77½

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 720 and 722 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₱ lb	8@ 10
Sirloin steak	16	Breast and Neck	4@ 6
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	@3 a5
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcass	6 a 9
Plates and navel corned	6 a10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, smoked	62 a75	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	8
Ox, each	31 a37½	Hind "	10
Shin	20 a25	Chop	12½
Kidney	8 a12c	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₱ lb	5 a 9	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ₱ lb	14 a16	*Pork.*	
Lamb		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Salt and fresh, lb	10 a12
Hind "	1,00a1,25	Pork, ₱ set	18a20
Chop, ₱ lb	10 a12	Tripe, ₱ lb	4a6
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard "	10 a13
		Hams, sliced	14 a15
		Bologna sausages	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ₱ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Hermuda potatoes, ₱ basket	1,25	Do do, ₱ lb	6 a 8
Sweet potatoes ₱ bas	75a87½	Corn pone, ₱ box	75a1,00
Cabbages, ₱ head	3 a5	Onions, lbs	12½
Squashes, ₱ basket	20a62½	Egg plants, each	12½
		Tomatoes, ₱ basket	37½a62

FRUIT.

Apples, ₱ bbl	2,00a3,50	Apples ₱ half pk	25 a37

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ₱ pair	50 a87	Wood Bird ₱ doz	$2,00
Chickens, ₱ pair	75 a1,25	Rail ₱ do	25 a 37
Teal ₱ pair	@2,00	Quail ₱ lb	10 a12½
		Sab Pigs, pair	25 a37

SHELL FISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₱ bbl	50 a75	Do, ₱ bbl,	10,00 13,00
Do, ₱ M	16,00a20,00	Terapins (Ches & Del)	9,00 a12,00
Morris River Cove, ₱ M	10,00 a12,00	Lobsters, lb	10
		Clams, M	2,00a3,50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	25 a35	Blue Fish, lb	12
Lard, "	10 a10	Salt do, lb	11
Eggs, doz	18 a20	Mackerel	10
Codfish	4 a 6	Pick'd Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod	12½	Honey, lb	20 a25
Halibut, lb		Sweetcorn, cake	2
		Sausage meat ₱ roll	12½

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Oct. 23.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm; sales 7,000 bbls. Wheat firm; 20,000 bush sold at $1,63 for red Western. Corn declined. Sales of 5,000 bush at 65@66c for mixed. Pork steady at $16,40@16,45 for Mess. Lard quiet. Whiskey dull.

COTTON—We quote as follows:

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.	Uplands	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	10¾	10¾	10¾	10¾
Middling	12¾	12¾	12¾	12¾
Md'ling fair	13¼	12¾	13	13

A SHORT time since Mr. Maitland, of Philadelphia, purchased from Messrs. Tiffany & Co., some one thousand four hundred yards of the Atlantic cable, to connect Evansville, Indiana, with Henderson, Kentucky. The cable has been laid and works to admiration.

IMPORTANT.

YOU FEEL DEBILITATED.
YOU FEEL NERVOUS.
YOU ARE WORRIED ABOUT TRIFLES.
YOU CANNOT WORK WITH ENERGY.
YOU DO NOT FEEL LIKE DOING ANYTHING.
YOU HAVE NO APPETITE.
YOU CANNOT SLEEP AT NIGHT.
YOU FEEL WEAK.
YOU FEEL DIZZY.

Then use *Hoofland's German Bitters*, they will cure you without fail.

They are prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and are sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, and South America for 75 cents per bottle. See that the signature of C. M. Jackson is on the wrapper of each bottle.

JOHN C. MEAD & SONS, corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, have just completed a great improvement in Tea and Coffee Sets, whereby they can be placed on stoves and fires to boil tea and coffee. They are of their own *manufacture*, richly chased, and warranted of the finest quality. J. C. M. & Sons have also on hand *most superior* Waiters, Castors, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Meat and Vegetable Dishes, Goblets, Communion Sets, &c., and every article in Silver Plated Ware *warranted* of the best quality.

"HAVE YOU A SLIGHT COLD, A COUGH, or pain in your breast?" This is a simple question; so simple that the reader may feel inclined to pass it by without answering it or even reading this article. Now we earnestly, but respectfully ask you to do both. Many of our most important duties are small, depending on things which in themselves alone considered are trifles, but taken in connection with their consequences, lead to mighty results. What consequences daily ensue from what is called "a neglected cold or cough?" Go into yonder chamber and see how anxiously that mother watches her darling son. The disease which might have been arrested in its incipient stage, has been permitted to riot, until it has fastened its fangs deep in his system. Still, none of the symptoms are decidedly against hope; the sufferer's constitution has not been weakened by intemperance, by irregularity of any kind, or by any previous attacks; so the chance of recovery is in his favor. He still sinks; but all maladies have their crisis, and she thinks every night that surely he will be better to-morrow. With what tender solicitude does she minister to the wants of his sick bed. How she watches his looks, and anticipates every wish of his heart. Day after day passes, and her hopes wax fainter and fainter. Every look of the attending physician is watched with an agony that has left its print upon her pallid cheek. At last the features of her son assume the rigid and sunken aspect of death, and she cannot mistake the dim glare of the eye, before it shuts in everlasting rest. He breathes his last upon that fondest of all fond bosoms—a mother's—and the strongest tie that bound her heart to earth seems snapt in twain. In this fancy, or is it fact? *Fact*, we answer, startling fact; and yet, in thousands of cases these lamentable results might be prevented by the use of JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which may be obtained of Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, or of their agents throughout the U. States.

FEMALE BEAUTY depends not alone on regularity of features and symmetry of form, but much upon the color of the hair. The curling ringlet

"Hath none its charm to own;"

If red, but color it black or brown, and

"Man to its power will bow."

You who are so unfortunate as to have red hair, should use Jayne's Liquid Dye, which is acknowledged to be the best in use, producing a more natural color and free from the metalic lustre so common to most liquid dyes.

This Hair Dye is prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and can be had of their agents throughout the country. oct23-3t

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.—This medicine is a "combination and a form indeed," for healing and curing all the ills which afflict us in the shape of coughs, colds, and inflammation of the throat, lungs, and chest.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

PAIN KILLER.—We are willing to vouch for the efficacy of Perry Davis's Pain Killer, notices of which have appeared in this paper for nearly a year past. We have bought it for our own use, and having been benefitted by it, take pleasure in this voluntary testimony to it.—*Bellow's Falls Times.*

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE.—First class goods constantly on hand. The subscriber paying cash for every article is enabled to sell goods at very low prices. THOS. W. BAILY, 622 Market Street, Philada. sr11-18t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Dyrbow, Mr. WILLIAM ROCHE, to Miss SUSAN GOOD, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. J. M. Alday, Mr. WILLIAM H. JOHNSON, to Miss ELIZABETH JONES, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. R. Newton, ALFRED A. RECKEFUS, to MARCELLA ARMOUR, both of this city.

On the 2d of July, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Capt. H. F. SCHELLINGER, to Miss E. M. ETRIS, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Clay, LYDIA KRIDER, to WILLIAM H. STILL, from Milford, Delaware.

On the 19th Sept. by the Rev. John A. McKenn, Mr. SAMUEL DAVIS, Jr. to Miss REBECCA W. daughter of G. W. Westling, Esq. both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. PHILIP FAHNER, to Miss MARY E. daughter of Mr. Abram Alburger, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. David Magill, Mons. CHARLES MAILLARD, to Miss MARY CORNER.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. MARGARET M. KNOUSE, aged 38 years.

On the 18th instant, WILLIAM BRUNER, aged 88 years.

On the 17th instant, JOSEPH MYERS, aged 61.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE CAVANA, aged 48 years.

On the 18th instant, Mr. WILLIAM CRAWFORD, aged 21 years.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. MARY TOMLINSON, aged 42 years.

On the 19th instant, HENRIETTA, wife of Jonathan Tompkins, aged 44 years.

On the 17th instant, Mr. GEORGE M. WILSON, aged 21 years.

On the 16th instant, SARAH COLE, aged 50.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. ANN HILT, aged 88.

On the 10th instant, GEORGE MARTIN, aged 24 years.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. SARAH B. wife of the Rev. E. Phelps, D. D. aged 44 years.

On the 17th instant, SALLIE A. wife of Joseph H. McElroy, aged 34 years.

At Petersburg, Va. on the 16th instant, EDWARD SMITH, aged 23 years.

DEAFNESS CURED, HOWEVER CAUSED, by a new method. Address DR. BOARDMAN, personally or by letter, 12 Suffolk Place, Boston, Massachusetts. oct16-4t

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
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S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
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A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 23, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Crawford	no sale	Solv bks	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
DELAWARE.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		LOUISIANA.	
Baltimore	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	OHIO.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
VERMONT.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old banks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	WISCONSIN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	TEXAS.	
DIST. OF COLOMBIA		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	5 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	CANADA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1½ dis		

NOW READY,

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

FOR NOVEMBER.

The First Volume, consisting of seven numbers, ended in May last. The Second Volume, also containing seven numbers, will end with the December issue, in which the Index will be given; so that hereafter the volume will begin with January and July.

TERMS.—Three dollars a year, or twenty-five cents a number. Upon receipt of the price the publishers will send the ATLANTIC to any address in the United States, pre-paid. CLUBS.—Five copies for ten dollars, the subscribers paying their own postage.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & COMPANY,
13 Winter Street, Boston.

A FEW AGENTS WANTED, to go South. DERBY & JACKSON, No. 119 Nassau Street, New York, wish to give employment to a few experienced and responsible BOOK AGENTS, for the Winter and Spring months. To those who can give the best reference as to capacity and experience in canvassing, a liberal salary will be paid. None others need apply. It

NEW BOOKS FOR AGENTS,
SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

WANTED.—An Agent in every County, to engage in the sale of beautifully ILLUSTRATED WORKS. Circulars, giving full information, with Terms to Agents, and a full list of my Publications, sent on application. Address,
DUANE RULISON, Publisher,
No. 33 S. Third St., Phila., Pa.
nr4-tf

THE PHILADELPHIA PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET, 922 Chestnut St., established by FOWLER, WELLS & CO., is open day and evening for examinations and sale of Books and Journals. Books sent by return of mail at lowest cash prices. Catalogues sent gratis. sr18-3m

$10 PER DAY.—AGENTS WANTED—Local and Travelling, in all the Southern and Western States. A new business and a paying one. Call, or address for circular,
B. J. BESTOR,
Dealer in Watches and Jewelry,
oct2-tf 33 South 3d St., Philadelphia.

SAVING FUND—*NATIONAL SAFETY TRUST COMPANY, Walnut Street, South-West corner of Third, Philadelphia.* All Investments in First Class Securities. Interest, FIVE PER CENT. Open every day, and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock. sr18-26t

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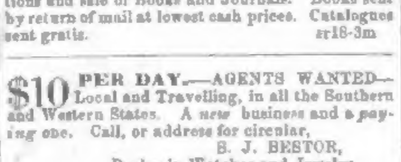

This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost extent*.

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received (over all competitors) fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS in LONDON and NEW YORK. Nearly 2,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER,
oc9-1y 376 Chestnut St., Philada.

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FOR EMPLOYMENT.

Persons requiring a light, agreeable and respectable employment, by which they can realise from $10 to $30 per week, will ascertain full particulars by addressing HUTCHINS & CO., 165 Chambers Street, New York City. One postage stamp required to pre-pay answers. oct16-4t

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Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE
GREAT FIRE
AT GREENSBURG.

"GREENSBURG, PA., SEPT. 25, 1858.

"MESSRS. FARREL, HERRING & CO., 130 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

"GENTLEMEN—One of the most destructive fires that has ever occurred in our place, happened on Tuesday, the 22d inst., burning some TWENTY-FIVE BUILDINGS. I had one of your Fire-Proof Safes in a building that was destroyed. The Safe was subjected to an intense heat. It was taken from the ruins the following day, and the door, near the handle, was still RED HOT. It contained books and a number of papers, loose and in bundles, which were not damaged in the slightest.—It gives me pleasure to add to the accumulated evidence of the safety and reliability of your Safes.

"Yours, truly, J. TURNEY."

FARREL, HERRING & CO.,
130 WALNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
Only Makers in this State
OF
HERRING'S
PATENT CHAMPION SAFE
THE MOST RELIABLE SECURITY FROM FIRE NOW KNOWN.

AN OFFER TO THE LADIES TO SUIT THE TIMES.—THE LADIES' VISITOR, published monthly in the City of New York, is the *CHEAPEST LADIES' PAPER IN THE WORLD!* Each number contains an Original Story, the Monthly Fashions, Receipts for the Housekeeper, with other interesting matter. Price for single copy, Fifty Cents a year; but as we wish to put it into the hands of the million, we offer to any lady who will procure subscribers for it, to collect of each subscriber 25 cents, and retain one-half of the money for her services. In this manner each subscriber will get the paper at half the advertised rates, and the Lady can make from $2 to $4 a day.

It is nearly three years since we commenced the publication of the VISITOR, and during this time many ladies have supported themselves handsomely by canvassing for it. The price is so low almost every one will take it. As no Lady who has put forth a vigorous effort has failed of success, it is worth a trial by all females out of employment in these hard times. Specimen copies sent free to any part of the United States. Direct all communications to Miss LAURA J. CURTIS,
oct9-4t Care of CURTIS & CO., New York.

WE HAVE JUST PUBLISHED
THE PASTOR'S GIFT;
OR,
CONVERT'S MANUAL,

Embracing an outline of Christian duty. By Rev. A. Joy, A. M., a work which every new convert and all church members must have. It is endorsed by the most distinguished divines of all denominations, and is entirely unsectarian. It is a handsome 12mo volume of 312 pages, with a steel engraving. Price only 75 cents.

Address WENTWORTH, HEWES & CO., Publishers,
oct16-3t 86 Washington St., Boston.

ST. MARY'S HALL.—The Forty-Fourth Term of this Institution will begin on Monday, the 1st November (All Saints' Day).

Punctual attendance is required, that recitations may be held in all the classes on the following day.

Apply for admission to the Bishop of New Jersey, at Burlington. oct9-4t

BURLINGTON COLLEGE.—The Twenty-Fourth Term at this Institution will begin on Monday, the 1st November (All Saints' Day).

Punctual attendance is required, that recitations may be held in all the classes on the following day.

Apply for admission to the Bishop of New Jersey, at Burlington, or to Rev. Hobart Chetwood, Rector.
September 30, 1858. oct9-4t

BOOK AGENTS!

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau Street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-4f

MOTHERS!
MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. It has no equal on earth. It greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain, and is sure to regulate the bowels. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and relief and health to your infants. Perfectly safe in all cases.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skillful female Physicians in New England, and has been used with never-failing success in millions of cases.

Sure to give immediate relief to infants suffering from wind colic.

Millions of bottles are sold every year in the United States. It is an old and well-tried remedy.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

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USEFUL RECEIPTS.

A Very Fine Whip.—A kid, twenty years of age, a horse and light wagon, long snapper, plenty of money, well mixed, add fancy pants and an idea that his father is rich, and you will have a most delicious article. If a crisis comes and sweeps away his father's wealth, he is admirably qualified to drive a hack.

An Ornament for Small Parties.—Select one of your daughters when she is tender, say about fourteen. Put her in a parlor with a piano, and shake them well up together for three years, adding two quarters' tuition on the harp, and a fine mustachioed Italian teacher. Throw in a dancing master, and you have an elegant ornament for small parties.

Another Trifle.—Take a boy and sweeten him up with the idea that he has an extraordinary ear for music, add flute and violin, and simmer him down with a decoction of flattery on his immense and rapid progress.

After five years of this treatment he is an accomplished trifle, and qualified to play in the orchestra at the Museum.

To Dress Politicians.—Take them when they are troubled with a softening of the back bone just before election day, and stuff their ears with reports of their opponent's strength. Then broil them on the gridiron of prospective defeat until they begin to simmer, then hand them a subscription paper for a torchlight procession, and have a skimmer ready to catch the mint drops, which can be used as you see fit.

Ginger Snaps.—Select from the party of your acquaintance six or seven young ladies who are known to be over forty, but whom etiquette compels you to believe are about thirty, and then mention an event which transpired twenty-five years ago. Say to each in turn, "Why, you must remember that," and have a girl ready to pick up the ginger snaps.

[We tried this with immense success.]—*Boston Sat. Gazette.*

"Got Left."—A genuine touch of woman's nature, as well as human nature, pervades the following:

"A comfortable old couple sat a seat or two in front of us on the railroad during one of the hottest days of last summer. The journey was evidently one of the events of their lives, and their curiosity excited the attention of the passengers. At a way station, the old gentleman stepped out to get a drink, or to buy a doughnut, and heard the bell only in time to rush to the door of the eating-house and see the train move off without him. The old lady in her seat had been fidgeting, looking out of the window in her anxiety for his return, and when she saw his plight, his frantic gestures for the train to stop, as it swept farther and farther away, she exclaimed:

"There, my old man has got left! he has! there! see, he has! Wa'll," she continued, sitting back in her seat again, "I'm glad on't—it's always been 'Mammy, you'll get left!' all my life long; and now he's gone and got left, and I'm glad on't."

Her candid reflection on the accident, and the evident satisfaction she felt in the fact that it was the old man, and not herself, that was left, was greeted with a round of applause. Not a few of the ladies in the car were delighted that it was the old man and not the woman who had made the blunder, and "gone and got left."

"What a Nose!"—Not many years ago, in the village of Eatonton, Georgia, a man made his appearance and stopped at the tavern. He was possessed of a most remarkable *nose*, one which almost monopolized his entire face—red, Roman, enormous; it was such a nose as is only seen in a lifetime. So great a show was it that it attracted universal attention. The glances cast at it and the remarks made about it, had rendered its owner somewhat sensitive upon the subject. A half grown negro boy was summoned by the proprietor to carry his baggage to his room. Cuffee was much taken with the nose. As he came out of the room, unable to contain himself longer, he exclaimed—

"Golly, *what* a nose!"

Our traveller overheard him, and went to his master with a demand for his punishment.

Cuffee was called up, and, at the suggestion of some by-standers, was *let off* on condition that he would apologize to the offended gentleman. This he readily agreed to do. Walking to the room where our traveller was, and touching his hat and humbly bowing, he said—

"*Massa, you ain't got no nose at all!*"

The Good Wife Who Found "Good in Everything."—A farmer was once blessed with a good-natured, contented wife; but it not being in the nature of men to be satisfied, he one day said to a neighbor, he really wished he could hear his wife scold once, for the novelty of the thing. Whereupon his sympathising neighbor advised him to go to the woods and get a load of crooked sticks, which would certainly make her as cross as he could desire. Accordingly the farmer collected a load of the most ill-shaped, crooked, crotchety materials that were ever known under the name of fuel. This he deposited in its place, taking care that his spouse should have access to no other wood. Day after day passed without a complaint. At length the pile was consumed.

"Well, wife," said the farmer, "I am going after more wood: I'll get another load just such as I got last time."

"Oh, yes, Jacob," she replied, "it will be so nice if you will; for such crooked, crotchety wood as you brought before does lie around the pot so nicely."

Anecdotes of the Popular Singer, Forti.—One night at the New York Italian Opera, Mr. T., a well-known auctioneer, joined with the crowded pit in calling out the then popular tenor, Forti. "Forti! Forti! Forti!" shouted the connoisseurs, and so shouted Mr. T. "Two and a-half!" exclaimed a wag. Mr. T. called no more.

"Did you ever see Forti?" said a New York beau to a lady from the country, at the opera-house the same night. "See forty," said she, much offended, "I'm not thirty-five yet!"

Spiritualism in Italy.—A funny story is told, in a communication to the Spiritual Age, by Mr. J. J. Jarvis, the distinguished author of "Art Hints," "Confessions of an Inquirer," &c., now residing in Florence, Italy. It is as follows:—

"At a recent circle in this city, a skeptical physician unexpectedly entered, on a visit, and seeing what the family were about, asked permission, 'for the fun of the thing,' to sit with them. The phenomena soon began, and directed towards him, too.

"'Who is it wants me?' he asked.

"The medium's hand (a titled lady of great refinement and distinction in society,) was made to write—

"'One of your patients whom you killed—d— you!'

"Imagine the confusion of both parties. The doctor disappeared; and the mortification of the lady medium has scarcely abated yet."

Agricultural.

HINTS FOR TRANSPLANTING TREES.

Many persons plant a *tree* as they would a *post!* The novice in planting must consider that a tree is a living, nicely-organized production, as certainly affected by good treatment as an animal. Many an orchard of trees, rudely thrust into the ground, struggles half a dozen years against the adverse condition before it recovers.

In planting an orchard, let the ground be made mellow by repeated ploughing. For a tree of moderate size, the hole should be dug three feet in diameter, and twelve to twenty inches deep. Turn over the soil several times, and, if not rich, mix thoroughly with it some compost or well-rotted manure. In every instance the hole must be large enough to admit all the roots easily, without bending. Shorten and pare smoothly with a knife any bruised or broken roots. Hold the tree upright, while another person, making the earth fine, gradually distributes it among the roots. Shake the tree gently while this filling is going on. *The main secret lies in carefully filling in the mould, so that every root, and even the smallest fibre, may meet the soil!* and to secure this, let the operator, with his hand, spread out the small roots and fill in the earth nicely around every one. Nine-tenths of the deaths by transplanting arise from the hollows left among the roots of trees by a rapid and careless mode of shovelling the earth among the roots.

When the hole is two-thirds filled, pour in a pail or two of water. This will settle the soil and fill up the vacuities that remain. Wait till the water has sunk away, and then fill up the hole, pressing the earth moderately around the tree with the foot. This moist earth, being covered by the loose surface-soil, will retain its humidity for a long time.

Indeed, we rarely find it necessary to water again after planting in this way, and a little muck or litter placed around the tree, upon the newly-moved soil, will render it quite unnecessary. Frequent surface watering is highly injurious, as it causes the top of the soil to bake so hard as to prevent the access of light and air, both of which, in a certain degree, are absolutely necessary.

Avoid the prevalent error—so common in this country—of planting your trees too deep. They should not be planted more than an inch deeper than they stood before. If they are likely to be thrown out by the frost the first winter, heap a little mound around the stem, to be removed again in the spring.

If your soil is positively bad, remove it from the holes, and substitute a cart-load or two of good garden mould. Do not forget that plants must have room. Five times the common growth may be realized by preparing holes six feet in diameter and twice the usual depth, enriching and improving the soil by the plentiful addition of good compost. Young trees cannot be expected to thrive well in *sod land*.—When a young orchard *must* be kept in grass, a circle should be kept dug around each tree.—But cultivation of the land will cause the trees to advance more rapidly in five years than they will in ten, when it is allowed to remain in grass.—*Downing.*

WHITEWASHING.

There is nothing, perhaps, which contributes more decidedly to the healthiness of a homestead than whitewash. It is a cheap article, and any one who can lift a brush can put it on. Fences and rough siding as well as the inside of the tie-ups, and other outbuildings, and also the walls and ceilings of the cellars, should annually be paid over with a good coat of whitewash. The spring is the most eligible season for the application, as there is generally sufficient leisure at that time before spring's work comes on, and as the disinfecting and deodorizing action of the lime will tend to prevent those unhealthy miasms which are generated around most dwellings, by the decay of vegetable matter, and the heat of the vernal and summer sun. The months of October and November, also, usually afford good opportunities to do this work, at intervals between harvesting, draining, collecting muck, &c.

White walls, and long lines of white fences gleaming amid luxuriant and embowering foliage, give to a farm establishment an appearance of neatness and rural elegance and comfort, indescribably attractive to the man of taste, and can in no way be so effectually and economically secured as by giving a few coats of whitewash. The ceilings of bed-rooms, cookeries, and wash rooms, should also be frequently whitewashed. If the walls are not papered, the brush should pass over them likewise. The lime will not only tend to sweeten the air and prevent epidemical diseases, but fill up the thousand imperceptible cracks which always exist in plastering, and through which more cold air will find its way in a windy winter's day, than can be neutralized by many an armful of hickory, maple, or white oak.

The whitewashing of cattle and horse stalls, as well as the inside of hog cotes and heneries, not only renders them more healthy, but prevents the animals and fowls from being infested with troublesome and filthy vermin.—*New England Farmer.*

COMMENDABLE LOVE OF SCIENCE.

These young people are so fond of *astronomy*, that they are always on the balcony, looking for the comet!

BARN-YARD MANURE COMPOSTS.

The farmer whose usual practice has been to apply his barn manure in the long state to spring crops, will be very liable to find, on attempting a different method, that he is exposed to losses from lack of experience in managing the rotting of the dung, and from not fully understanding the effects of heaping manure, with its varying composition of straw and different animal droppings, its state as regards moisture, and the loose or compact condition in which it is placed. It will be nearly or quite impossible to gain full information on the subject from others—practice must be had—personal experience must be added to the knowledge gained from inquiry and study.

Still much may be learned from others—their written or verbal instructions—as well as a careful consideration of the principles at issue. And, as having a practical bearing on the subject, we extract (in substance) the following paragraphs from the Mark Lane Express, there contained in a communication on "Farm-Yard Dung—its Preparation and Application," apparently written by a thorough practical farmer—one whose views are as applicable in American as in English agriculture:

"An approved and long-continued mode of preparing farm-yard dung, * * is that of placing the contents of the cattle-yards in square piles, about six feet in height, in the corners of the fields to be planted with green crops. The *yards* are concave or dish-shaped, retaining and spreading the moisture equally over the mass, and supplied with straws that absorb all the moisture from the rains, snows, and urine. The contents are carried out at two different times during winter, and no pressure is allowed on the piles, except the weight of one or two persons to spread the materials evenly and thinly over the heap. In this condition a fermentation reduces the heap into a saponaceous mass for use in May and June, and in a condition that is easily divided by hand-forks, well moistened, and from which the heat of fermentation has in most cases nearly altogether vanished. Much bulk is lost by this mode of preparation, but it is reckoned the best for the use of green crops.

"Educated under the above system, I practiced it with the usual success, but in later years adopted another mode, from observing the great loss of bulk, and a wish to use a fresher condition of the dung. At any times of convenience during winter, the contents of the yards are carried to the green crop fields, and laid in a heap sloping at both ends, over which the carts pass to deposit the loads, and over which the materials are spread evenly and thinly, in order to mix the substances, and that no part remain in a dry state. The consolidation from the passage of the cart prevents the fermentation of the heap, which is formed at convenient times from the month of November to April, and later when the yards are duly moist and the straws thinly used. Potatoes are the first planted green crop; and about ten days before the dung is required for use, the heap is turned over with forks, laid loosely together, and the lumps well broken, and the dry outside of the heap thrown into the middle of the new aggregation. A very active fermentation immediately commences, which is prevailing during the deposition of the dung in drills, which are immediately reversed and the seed planted. This mode produces fully equal, if not superior results to the first mentioned preparation; it affords a larger bulk and more convenience in forming the heap at different times; while the former requires to be done at one time, or at not distant periods."

The opinion that manure not fully decomposed, but *short*, so as to allow of pretty thorough mixture with the soil, is in its best state for economical use for all fertilizing purposes, is gaining ground among those who have given attention to the question. The best means of bringing it into that state has been little discussed among us, and we invite practical experimenters to favor us with their views upon the subject.—*Country Gentleman.*

Packing Butter for Winter Use.—Take a wooden cask, or half barrel, fill about half full of cold water, then put in salt sufficient to make a strong brine. Let it stand a day or two to settle, and skim off what rises on the top. Work the butter thoroughly in rolls of from a pound and a half to two pounds, put them in the cask, placing a weight on them to keep them under the brine. I have put down butter in this way in May which kept sweet and good until the next year in June.—*Correspondent of Rural New Yorker.*

CUT UP YOUR CORN.

Be sure, this year, not to fail of cutting up your corn before frost. To have done it last year, would have saved tens of thousands of dollars, if not hundreds of thousands, in the West. For a general thing, you could always make it profitable—but more particularly in seasons like the last and this. You will always get more weight of grain, and better quality, if the cutting be done at the proper time, than to leave it uncut. And if you make good use of the fodder, the two gains will more than repay for the extra work, even in the most favorable seasons for other treatment.

This has been demonstrated. The facts were published, some years since, I think in the *Albany Cultivator*. A reliable farmer, in the State of New York, if my memory be correct as to the place, took an even field of corn, and at the proper stage topped one-third of it; and at the proper stage cut up another third; leaving the last third to ripen untouched. The figures showed the greatest weight of grain where it was cut up;—the least, where it was topped;—the other ranging, I think, nearer to the latter than to the former. The difference was considerably in favor of cutting up.

Topping is certainly the worst of all treatment. In general, it lessens grain; and often, it wastes fodder. As compared with cutting up, it is always a waste of fodder, *as well as of grain.*

The proper time, or stage, for cutting, is to be judged of and determined on by observation and experience. Be sure always, if possible, to cut before severe frost. When the frost will permit, leave till the principal parts of the stems will receive no further nourishment from the ground. At this stage, the grain will be of full length and size on the cob; and all that can be done more for it will be better done from the stem's standing together in the shock, mutually protected, than standing out singly, exposed and wasted in the absorbing winds and sun.

As soon as the ears are fit to crib, husk, and stack the fodder. A good way to stack is, to build an extended pile of two lengths of stalks. Throw down, parallel, three or more poles, or rails, extending them the distance you would make the length of your stack—their breadth, or distance apart, to be suited to the length of your stalks. Build by lapping the tops in the centre—keeping the centre sufficiently elevated to turn the water off each way. If the elevation cannot be made enough by the lapping, without narrowing the pile too much, run a course through the centre, now and then, the other way. Or the centre may be elevated by other means at the start. When the pile is finished, the slope each way from the centre should be equal to that of common roofing. Better if the angle approach to forty-five degrees. It will do very well with less. Carry the pile to the height you think it will stand in the heaviest winds it will have to encounter. Otherwise, suit the height to your convenience in building.

If you have not had observation or experience, you will find the fodder better preserved than you anticipated. Well preserved and judiciously fed, it is better than hay for horses and milch cows. Try it.

P. S. An old scythe will make two good instruments to cut with. Let a blacksmith cut it in two, and draw out shanks, on which put convenient handles.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Debt.—He was in debt. If youth but knew the fatal misery they are entailing on themselves the moment they accept a pecuniary credit to which they are not entitled, how they would start in their career! how pale they would turn! how they would tremble and clasp their hands in agony, at the precipice on which they are disporting! It hath a small beginning, but a giant's in growth and strength. When we make the monster we make our master, who haunts us at all hours, and shakes his whip of scorpions forever in our sight. The slave has no overseer so severe. Faustus, when he signed the bond with blood, did not secure a doom more terrific.—*D'Israeli, in Henrietta Temple.*

☞ Although men are accused for not knowing their weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength.

To Prevent the Smoking of a Lamp, soak the wick in strong vinegar, and well dry it before you use it.

☞ In the ferment of great events the dregs rise.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

Useful Receipts.

How to Destroy Rats Without Poison.—A correspondent of the *London Field* copies the following from a very excellent old work on sporting, by General George Hanger (Lord Colerain):—"The ratcatcher's secret: how to kill all rats without poison.—You shall now be informed how to catch every rat on your premises without using poison, which is not only dangerous, but has proved very expensive to many; for when rats eat the poison they grow sick and faint, and creep under the floors and behind the wainscots of houses; there they die and stink the house, so that you cannot live in it until you have removed the floors and wainscots. This, I trust, will prevent every prudent person from attempting to destroy rats by poison; you shall be instructed how to destroy them all, without incurring the risk of any expense in your house. I must inform you how I acquired this valuable secret. When I was aide-de camp to my most worthy patron, Sir H. Clinton, then Commander-in-Chief at New York, one day at dinner he told Colonel Phillips that the rats were so numerous in his quarters that he had been forced to have the bottom of the doors lined with tin, for that they had very nearly eaten through the door where he kept his papers; and he asked Colonel Phillips if he knew of any person who could destroy them? Colonel Phillips, who was a loyal American in our service, replied that some years before the American war commenced, a ratcatcher, who had been transported from England, came and lived as gardener with him, and a very good gardener and servant he was. Colonel Phillips was requested to inquire whether this man was to be found within our lines. In a few days he was found and sent to headquarters. I attended him to see that he performed his duty. Seven wooden fall traps were made, called hutch traps, or box traps.—These traps are to be set in the main runs in which the rats travel from one room or outhouse to the other, first preparing them after the following method:—Purchase half a pint of oil of anniseed, and half a pint of oil of carraway (these two are cheap medicine); now comes a third, which is very dear, but then only a small quantity is necessary—a bottle as long as your finger being sufficient. It is oil of rhodium. This will cost about ten shillings. Daub the traps on each side within well with the oil of carraway and oil of anniseed, and, with the tip of your finger dipped in the oil of rhodium, in four or five places. It is enough, as the oil of rhodium has a very powerful smell. The food with which the traps are to be baited must be thus prepared:—Grate a very dry loaf of bread so fine that the rats cannot carry any of it away with them, and to every double handful put about ten or twelve drops of oil of carraways, by a few drops at a time, rubbing the bread between your hands well so as to impregnate the whole. You should taste the bread, and be guided by your taste, not to make the bread taste too strong of the oil of carraways. It is a mistaken notion putting oil of anniseed into the food; *it will make the food too strong* and they will not feed freely. Oil of carraways alone must be mixed in the food. The doors of the traps must be fastened firmly up, so that they cannot fall down; then, for the two or three first days lay a tablespoonful, spread about, very near each door of the traps, and by degrees put the food further into the traps. After a few days you must lay the food on the bridge of the trap only. After this method, you are to proceed until you observe that the rats frequenting the traps constantly run and feed freely; daubing the traps every day with the oils. This will take eight or ten days. When you are sure that they run and feed freely, after the house is quiet, and every one is gone to bed, you may tilt the traps up, and begin to catch, reserving one spare trap near you to put down in the place of any one you may take up with the rats in it. You must leave all the doors open, sit down very quietly, and listen. When you hear one trap strike, you must be prepared with a large canvas bag, with a large mouth to it, so as to admit one end of a trap into it; hold the bag under the trap, whilst another person tilts the trap, with the lower door open perpendicularly, and shoots the rats into the bag; then gather your hands round the mouth of the bag, swing it, and strike it very hard against the wall or the floor, so as effectually to kill every rat in it. In this you must be very particular, for in it lies the whole strength of the art. If you let even so little as one single rat either out of the trap or the bag, you will not catch one more rat that night; and you must fasten the traps firmly up, and begin to feed them again, which will take four or five days at least. I forgot to mention that when you hear the doors of one of the traps fall down, when you take it up, you must carry another trap with you, and lay it down exactly in the same place, putting a little of the food on the bridge. The first night the man and myself, for I sat up the whole of that night, caught very nearly three hundred. On the following night he caught a great many more, and continued till he had totally freed the house of them, and, I make no doubt many of the adjoining houses also." So much for the gallant General's rat-catching. To this I would give a hint. Let not the bloody bag, nor the dead rats, lie near any of the runs or traps, nor let the blood be sprinkled on the adjoining floors, doors, or walls. The General adds that he gave Maddison, the rat-catcher, two guineas for the receipt, with a gentle hint of the Provost Marshal if he should deceive.

To Color Cotton Garden.—For three pounds of cloth or yarn, take one pound of fustic, three ounces of log-wood chips, half an ounce of blue vitriol; boil the fustic two hours and the log-wood the same—both in brass—then pour together, add the vitriol, pulverized, bring to a boil, then put in the cloth, previously wetting in suds. After removing from the dye, put in suds again. This makes a beautiful color.—*Rural New Yorker.*

How to Cut Glass with a Piece of Iron.—Draw with a pencil on paper any pattern to which you would have the glass conform; place the pattern under the glass, holding both together in the left hand, for the glass must not rest on any plain surface; then take a common spike, heat the point of it to redness, and apply it to the edge of the glass, draw the iron slowly forward, and the edge of the glass will immediately crack; still move the iron slowly over the glass, tracing the pattern, and the clink in the glass will follow at the distance of about half an inch, in every direction, according to the motion of the iron. It may be found requisite, especially in forming corners, to apply a wet finger to the opposite side of the glass. The iron must be reheated as often as the crevice in the glass ceases to flow.

The Riddler.

ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 23, 1, 2, 16, 2, 14, is a constellation near Orion.

My 3, 26, 27, 22, 12, is a splendid star of the first magnitude in the left foot of Orion.

My 14, 26, 9, 15, 2, 30, is a star situated nearly South of Albena, in the feet of the Twins.

My 7, 19, 20, 11, is a star of the third magnitude, midway between Procyon and Acubens.

My 25, 22, 18, is a brilliant constellation, containing 95 visible stars.

My 11, 12, 27, 15, 19, 8, 7, is a star situated in the East wing of the Crow.

My 1, 24, 29, 11, 5, 22, 30, is a brilliant star in the heart of the Scorpion.

My 30, 6, 20, 2, 23, 17, is the most remote planet from the earth of any that are visible to the naked eye.

My 11, 23, 27, 8, is a constellation South-East of Canis Major.

My 6, 12, 13, 8, 20, 28, is the third star in the Dipper.

My 20, 21, 10, 20, 11, is a star of the third magnitude, situated in the thigh of the Lion.

My whole is a wonderful phenomenon, which has never been satisfactorily explained.

Warren, Va. HARP.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 7, 13, 17, 18, was one of the Harpies.

My 10, 11, 28, 29, 7, 28, was the Muse of Comedy and Lyric poetry.

My 28, 22, 6, 28, 21, 28, was one of the Graces.

My 13, 22, 25, 18, was the shield of Jupiter and Minerva.

My 28, 24, 28, 6, 28, 3, 24, 28, was a woman famous for swift running.

My 22, 2, 4, 7, 17, were guardian angels.

My 8, 28, 17, 28, 9, 15, 18, were nymphs of rivers and fountains.

My 17, 16, 28, was a famous mountain near Troy.

My 29, 2, 10, 19, 30, was a river in the infernal regions.

My 10, 12, 20, 24, 28, 24, 2, 13, was the principal god of the Gauls.

My 24, 23, 12, 10, 7, 13, was goddess of the sea.

My 24, 7, 24, 28, 26, fought against Saturn.

My 1, 15, 14, 7, 18, 19, was the religion of our first parents.

My 27, 28, 29, 29, 21, 28, was the ancient name for France.

My whole is the name of a celebrated vocalist.

Hazel Dell. KITTY CLOVER.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 9, 15, 4, 12, is a city in Italy.

My 1, 5, 9, 16, is a river in France.

My 2, 3, 9, 13, is a cape of the southern part of South America.

My 11, 5, 7, 9, 4, 5, is a group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean.

My 10, 12, 14, 13, is a town on the Zambese River.

My 15, 6, 10, 12, is a river in Hanover.

My whole was a distinguished member of the United States Senate. J. R. L.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oft on a sultry summer's day,
Crossing the field with rapid flight,
My first is seen,—'tis truth to say,
My second gives it all its might;
And many things, both large and small,
Are made by it to rise and fall.

The swaying branches of the trees,
Plainly proclaim a change of place;
And if you hear the gentle breeze,
The reason you can quickly trace:
But 'tis my second, when rightly told,
That does my first in wood and wold.

Paquea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's an animal—wild or tame;
My second you so oft exclaim;
My third will a numeral name;
My fourth's the *end* of living game;
My whole doth many a back inflame.

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is very round and green
When first in market it is seen.
You want some, but are apt to say
My second when the price you pay.
My third is used for making bread,
And *something else* that turns the head
My fourth you always have to see
Ere you can learn your A. B. C.
My whole is a city, and many a guest
Has pronounced it the handsomest town in the West.

Lacon, Ills.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a clock on the stairs in danger of falling? Ans.—When it runs down.

☞ Why is the Benchretien pear more like a span of race-horses than the Seckel pear? Ans.—Because it is the *courser pair*.

☞ Why is a dandy like venison steak? Ans.—Because he's a bit of a buck.

☞ What is the difference between a chicken with one wing, and a chicken with two wings? Ans.—A mere difference of opinion (a pinion).

☞ Why is a philanthropist like a well trained horse? Ans.—Because he always stops at the sound of woe.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Jackson College, at Columbia, Tennessee. CHARADE—Simoon (Sigh-moon). CHARADE—Hippocentaur. RIDDLE—Stars and Stripes.